

1½d.

# Daily Mirror

Guineas  
for . .  
Photos.  
See page 13.

No. 218.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## DEATH OF MR. KRUGER.



The late ex-President, with Dr. Heymans, the central figure, his eye specialist, and Mr. Bredell, of the Transvaal Commission for Land.

## TANT SANNA RECEIVES THE NEWS.



Mrs. Kruger, hearing the news from her granddaughter, Miss Nettie Eloff, on the stoep of the Presidency, of her husband's departure for Europe.

## "OOM PAUL" RELICS.



The famous hat, the famous pipe, and the famous Bible, inseparable associations of the old man.



After a hard and strenuous life Mr. Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, ex-President of the late South African Republic, passed away early yesterday morning at Clarens (Carton Vaud), Switzerland, in his seventy-ninth year.—(From "Vanity Fair.")



## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.



## OUR NEW ARMY.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's Terrible Indictment of the Old System.

### VOLUNTEERS REDUCED.

Three Years' System To Be Abolished.

### AN EVER-READY FORCE.

Mr. Arnold-Forster yesterday made his promised and long looked-for statement upon Army Reform to a full House of Commons.

He levelled a terrible indictment against the inefficiency and costliness of the Army, neither wasting nor mincing words, as he ruthlessly laid bare the flaws of the present system.

The Volunteer force enjoyed the monopoly of a compliment, being described by the War Minister as the "most magnificent material which the country could furnish."

This proposal to reduce the Volunteers by about 60,000, including the 12,000 or 13,000 "inefficients," rather astonished the House, and in the "ebate" that followed a good deal of exception was taken to the abolition of linked battalions.

Mr. Forster had nothing good to say of the Militia.

Having remarked that there must be sacrifices in the path of reform, Mr. Arnold-Forster proposed the following remedial changes:—

### NEW ARMY REMEDIES.

Fourteen battalions of the line to be reduced and gradually absorbed.

Five exceedingly costly garrison battalions, the creation of the late war, to be absorbed.

Army to be divided into two parts—for home and foreign service.

Home battalions to be reduced to 500 men, 100 men for long service, and the remaining 400 for two years, going to the Reserve for six years.

Three years' system having broken down, must be put an end to.

A striking force, of 15,000 or 16,000 men, always ready to take the field, to be established at Aldershot.

Depots, similar to Royal Marine depots, to be established.

Volunteers to be reduced from 240,000 to 200,000, and then to 180,000.

Higher capitation grant to be given and more stringent regulations to be enforced to insure efficiency.

An annual sum to be placed at the disposal of rifle clubs, and to provide Volunteers with transport.

Sixty or seventy batteries of Royal Artillery to be reduced from six guns to four guns each.

### OLD ARMY EVILS.

The Army and the country were going through a period of great danger.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the South African war left sore memories.

All was not well with the Army. It is not fully and scientifically organised to be ready for war at the shortest notice.

This imperfectly prepared Army was one of the most costly machines ever devised.

There was no evidence to show that the Army, either as regarded its composition or its numbers, was really such as to satisfy the peculiar needs of the Empire.

No one had been charged with the duty of ascertaining what the Army ought to be, what functions it ought to perform, or what numbers it ought to contain.

There was a great lack of thoroughly-trained commissioned officers.

The condition of the Militia was perfectly unsatisfactory. The average Militia battalion would need several months of training to be fit to take the field.

The great bar to recruiting was the uncertainty of employment when men obtained their discharge.

### HALF A MILLION SAVED.

In view of his statement a memorandum was issued to members of Parliament by Mr. Arnold-Forster, setting forth the following economies of his proposed scheme:—

	Saving.
Reduction of Establishment of Foot Guards, 94 men per battalion .....	£50,000
Reduction of Infantry at home, 50 men per battalion .....	£155,000
Discontinuance of Militia enlistment for reserves .....	£100,000
Reduction on vote for ordnance factories .....	£185,000
Total saving .....	£490,000

## CABINET DISAGREEMENT?

Impression Produced by War Minister's Statement.

The comprehensive scheme, writes the *Mirror* representative in the House, which the War Minister laid before Parliament lacked definiteness in certain features, and Mr. Arnold-Forster allowed the impression to be gathered that the Cabinet was not agreed on going so far in the path of reform as he would desire.

He showed that at the present time the home army, the auxiliary forces, the Navy, and the Indian Army give the Empire an actual fighting force of 1,070,000 men in peace time.

"That is far too much," he said.

As to conscription, as proposed by the Royal Commission, he dismissed it as out of the question, for it would cost £25,900,000 a year more than we pay at present.

### INEFFECTIVE MILITIA.

Regarding the Militia, the Secretary for War showed that the force is entirely ineffective, that it lacks officers, that 19,000 of the men every year go into the line, and so many more would go if they were up to the standard of physique.

The standard of the militia should be brought up to that of the line. A reserve of officers should be formed. In the first year the men should have a year's training.

On the creation of a strong body of highly-trained officers from the regular army Mr. Arnold-Forster laid the greatest stress.

He would also like to see a field force of 60,000 Volunteers formed and trained so that they could go anywhere. As to them he asked, "If they are not to be able to meet a Continental army, what are they to meet?"

### FEEDING BOTTLE TO THE LINE.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, an ex-War Minister, admired the decided manner in which Mr. Arnold-Forster had excluded conscription from his calculations.

He protested against the abolition of the linked battalions, which, he said, worked excellently in the past.

Mr. Griffiths Boscawen protested against any reduction of the militia, which, he maintained, was a feeding bottle to the line. A blow would be given to recruiting.

### MR. FORSTER EXPLAINS.

Replying to questions, Mr. Forster said that his whole object in instituting a depot system and getting rid of linked battalions was to enable them to keep a much larger number of men abroad than at home.

He should like to see twenty-six battalions in the Colonies and twenty-six battalions of general service troops in this country.

That was a departure from anything they had before.

As to the Volunteers, he wanted to bring them up to the quality of ordinary troops.

As to the Militia, what he proposed would give an opportunity to every Militia officer and man to continue his service under conditions that would be congenial to him and of service to the country.

The debate was adjourned.

### "BETTER ABOLISH THE VOLUNTEERS."

Lord Wemyss, seen by a *Mirror* representative last night, with reference to Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme, said:—

"Better to get away with the Volunteers altogether. No Government seems to have the courage to put a bold face on the matter and deal honestly with the nation."

"They shelter themselves behind the Volunteers in order to avoid putting into force, which they otherwise would have to do, the existing law of compulsory defence—the Militia Ballot Act."

"That is why I resigned, and if all the Volunteers did the same the Government would have to do that. The members of the new force would pay all their own expenses, as we Volunteers did in the past."

Asked for his views on Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme, Sir Charles Dilke told a *Mirror* representative, "I consider the main point is the separation of the two years' home service enlistment from the nine years' foreign service. On this will depend the increase or decrease in the reserves, but on this point Mr. Arnold-Forster has not yet enlightened us."

## KISSING A CORPSE.

Girl's Coffin Disinterred by Her Lover.

### WEIRD IRISH STORY.

A most dramatic story, dealing with a strangely weird incident, is reported from Ireland.

Quite recently, at Waterford, a pretty and fascinating young lady, who was very popular in the town, fell ill and died. Her death occasioned general regret. She had many friends, and a large number followed her remains to the cemetery. The last rites were said, and all returned to their homes, saddened at the loss of one who had been so dear to them.

An extraordinary sequel occurred. A peasant farmer, living in the vicinity of the cemetery, rose early next morning to go to his work. Happening to look over the wall of the cemetery, he was astonished to see a man on his knees beside the newly-filled-in grave. The peasant watched and saw him feverishly scraping away the earth with his hands, not looking aside for one moment.

### FORCED OFF THE LID.

The onlooker remained with his eyes fixed on the strange sight. To his amazement, the mystic visitor continued his gruesome task with unabated vigour, until presently the coffin was laid bare. Then, with the aid of an iron implement, the man forcibly wrenched off the lid.

The climax in the weird drama had been reached. Bending down over the open shell the stranger who had so wantonly disregarded the sacredness of the spot, gazed long and earnestly upon the face of the dead girl. Then, imprinting one passionate kiss upon her forehead, he raised himself and re-adjusted the lid, afterwards proceeding to fill in the earth over the coffin again.

Meanwhile, however, the authorities had been informed of the occurrence, and the police arrived and arrested the extraordinary intruder. He was taken to the police station and formally charged.

In his possession was found a telegram, handed in at Waterford and delivered to him at Bristol, telling him of the death of the young lady. It appeared that on receipt of the news he took his passage immediately for Waterford, and on arrival repaired to the graveside.

When arrested he said, "They thought they could prevent me seeing her, but they were mistaken." He was taken before the magistrates, who committed him to an asylum.

## PORT ARTHUR'S FATE.

Russian Message Says the Fortress Has Been Taken.

Rumour is busy with the fate of Port Arthur. A St. Petersburg telegram to the "Petit Parisien" says a report has gained currency there that on Tuesday night the Japanese seized one of the principal forts of Port Arthur, called the Navy Fort.

A Mukden telegram even says that Port Arthur has been taken.

From Tokio it is reported that Yingkow has been occupied by the Japanese without resistance.

Private advices from Newchwang indicate that the long-expected battle between Kai-chao and Ta-shih-chao is going on.

### TOKIO, Thursday.

The Vladivostok Squadron, consisting of two warships and four torpedo-boats, has been seen off Hokkaido, the most northern island in Japan, but no account of any damage done by it is to hand.

A picture of the defences of Port Arthur, showing the present position, appears on pages 8 and 9.

### "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT IN DANGER.

#### TANGIER, Thursday Night.

Mr. Harris, the Tangier correspondent of the "Times," who is staying at his house in the Anglers country, about two miles from Tangier, has been advised by the British Legation of a message it has received from Mohammed el Torres, the Sultan's representative for Foreign Affairs, stating that he, Mr. Harris, is to be captured to-night by armed tribesmen.

Mr. Harris has already forty soldiers guarding his house, and El Torres is sending fifty more.

## MR. KRUGER'S DEATH.

Ex-President of the Transvaal Passes Away in Switzerland.

### TO LIE BY HIS WIFE.

Ex-President Kruger died at Clarens, on the Lake of Geneva, yesterday morning at three o'clock.

Since his arrival at Clarens on May 27 he had only once taken a drive, and the time which he did not pass in his villa was spent by him on the terrace.

Up to Saturday last he was attending to his affairs, reading the newspapers, and receiving visits. On Sunday a change for the worse set in, and his strength declined. On Monday he lost consciousness, and he never regained it.

During his illness he was tended by his daughter, Mrs. Eloff, and his son-in-law, Mr. Eloff, his own medical man, Dr. Heymann, and his secretary, Mr. Bredel.

The post-mortem examination held by Dr. Roud, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Lausanne, showed that the ex-President died of senile pneumonia, caused by sclerosis of the arteries, which had made rapid progress during the last few weeks.

The body is being embalmed. On several occasions Mr. Kruger expressed a wish to be buried in the Transvaal, by the side of his wife, and application will be made through the British Minister at Berne to the British Government for authority to transport the remains to Africa. Meanwhile they will be temporarily interred at Clarens.

A memoir of the ex-President appears on page 12.

## CHAMBERLAIN'S TRIUMPH.

Carries All Before Him at Two Meetings of Liberal Unionists.

Scenes of wild enthusiasm marked the proceedings at the great meeting of the Liberal Unionist Council, held at the Albert Hall last night.

From all parts streams of people flocked into the spacious building, which speedily became crowded with an audience estimated at 12,000 persons.

Mr. Chamberlain, received with immense enthusiasm, at once outlined his position and his policy. That policy might be right or it might be wrong, but it was a living, not a dead and superstitious, one.

As the great controversy proceeded two great issues emerged. One of these was as to whether they were always to go on being content to be shut out by foreign markets, while welcoming competitors to these shores. In raising that question they had the full support of the Government.

There was another issue—he feared he took a more individual line—and to him it was the one issue of the time. It was more urgent and important than any other. It was the question whether they should, now that the offer was made to them, take advantage of the friendly disposition of their Colonies, and by a rearrangement of taxation, which would not add to the cost of living, bring about a further closer intercourse with their kinsfolk.

Other reforms inscribed on their banner were the need for a redistribution of seats, which would make it impossible for the Nationalists to coerce the House of Commons, and the need for an Alien Exclusion Bill.

### "CHIN-CHIN CHINAMAN."

The policy of the Radical Party was beneath contempt. It was a policy of shreds and patches, of provincialism in the Empire, and of selfishness in the individual. They would march to victory under the inspiring music of parodied hymns and the ennobling and elevating cry of "Chin-chin Chinaman."

When Mr. Chamberlain resumed his seat there was a renewed outburst of popular enthusiasm, the entire audience rising and singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Lord Tennyson submitted a resolution approving the fiscal policy of the Government, "which will enable them to deal with hostile tariffs and the practice of dumping."

Lord Lansdowne, in introducing the resolution, said he believed the fiscal policy expressed in it was accepted by a large majority in the country. He was there to tell them that Mr. Balfour's sympathy was unabated.

### THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Earlier in the day Mr. Chamberlain was elected president of the newly-constituted Liberal Unionist Council, by 1,800 delegates assembled in the Imperial Theatre.

Mr. Chamberlain described the change which has taken place in the Party organisation as the conversion of an oligarchy into a republic. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Selborne were elected vice-presidents, and a resolution similar to that moved at the Albert Hall was carried amid much enthusiasm.

The Council decided to support Liberal Unionist candidates without regard to their fiscal opinions.

## WAS SHE WRONGLY CONDEMNED?

In to-morrow's "Mirror" will begin the publication of the most engrossing human document of our time.

In view of the great interest aroused by the approaching release of Mrs. Maybrick, and by the monster petition for a free pardon which is being got up in America, we have resolved to retell the whole story of this most baffling and mysterious affair.

Our facts will be beyond question. First we shall tell the story of Mrs. Maybrick's marriage and her life up to the death of her husband. Next we will follow the complete account of the evidence produced at the trial in 1889. Finally we shall deal with fresh evidence which has been brought to light since then.

To-morrow (Saturday) the first instalment will appear.



## PARCHED LONDON.

Metropolis the Hottest Spot in the Kingdom.

### HEAT DEATH-ROLL.

**MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.**

Sun.	Shade.
126deg.	81deg.

London was yesterday the hottest spot in the United Kingdom.

In spite of a cool south-westerly breeze the temperature reached the eighties, a maximum shade temperature of 81deg. having been recorded.

This is the seventh hot day in succession, for the maximum shade temperatures during the last week have averaged over 80deg. The following are the figures:—

Friday	81deg.	Tuesday	76deg.
Saturday <th>85deg.</th> <th>Wednesday</th> <th>79deg.</th>	85deg.	Wednesday	79deg.
Sunday <th>84deg.</th> <th>Yesterday</th> <th>81deg.</th>	84deg.	Yesterday	81deg.
Monday <th>78deg.</th> <td></td> <td></td>	78deg.		

At the commencement of this hot week the amount of sunshine recorded for the year was fifty-eight hours less than that for the corresponding period of the year 1903. During the week, however, twenty hours of this leeway have been picked up, and we are now only thirty-eight hours behind last year's record of sunshine to date. The grass in the parks is already beginning to look parched.

For to-day cloudy and oppressive weather is promised, with a continuation of south-westerly breezes. Thunderstorms may be expected in London, but no definite break in the warm weather.

### Boon to the Thirsty.

A welcome innovation for the benefit of thirsty Londoners was yesterday made by the "Evening News." At several of the busiest points in the City boys were established, each in charge of a large filter of water, in cold and crystal clear. Anyone who chose might drink free of charge, and during the day thousands gladly availed themselves of the privilege.

These supplements to London's drinking fountains may be found at the following points:—

1. By the fire station at the rear of St. Clement Dances.
2. On the island in Wellington-street.
3. In front of Savy Buildings, at the corner of the hoarding and the house-line.
4. In front of Charing Cross Hospital, King William-street, Strand.
5. At the side of Charing Cross Station, in Villiers-street.
6. Spencer, Bros., gentlemen's outfitters shop, Fleet-street, Ludgate-circus.

The Secretary of the London General Omnibus Company has instructed the 'busmen to drive steadily during the present hot weather, and announces that any man overdriving his horses will be dismissed. Yesterday the passengers of a City-bound omnibus were desired to alight at Piccadilly-circus, and the fagged-out horses were walked gently away for a spell.

### Bad Cases.

There is no diminution in the number of suicides and attempted suicides attributable to hot weather. The cases reported yesterday include:—

James Mace, a gatekeeper, of 2, Walburg-street, St. George's, E.

A Lawrence, a Fulham greengrocer, found hanging in his shop by one of his employees.

Annie Smith, a married woman, thirty-five years of age, who threw herself in front of a train at Nunhead, but was rescued by a constable. A young man who drowned himself at the Isle of Wight.

Findley Russell, fifty-two, of Preston, who left home on Monday after telling his wife, "You will never see me again." His body was afterwards found in the River Ribble.

There are also reported two cases of suicide in Lancashire and one in Derbyshire.

### Deaths from the Heat.

More deaths from sunstroke and heat seizure are reported.

Last Sunday Ah Wah, a Chinese juggler, aged ninety, died suddenly after complaining very much of the heat. He was once well known on the music-hall stage, and had performed before the late Queen Victoria.

On Monday Eliza Gubb, a young married woman, died in a cab on the way to Liverpool-street station. The cause of death was heart failure as a result of the heat.

Other heat victims were:—

John Bacon, of Winstan, Derbyshire, who was overcome while at work on a haystack.

A lad at the Lewisham Industrial Schools.

Ada Passmore, aged eight, who died at Poplar of syncope.

Two men in Warwickshire, one of them named Harry Cooper, a brickyard labourer.

George Johnson, a farm labourer, of Broughton West.

Mr. Luke Firth, a well-known Heckmondwike resident.

An unknown man, who fell dead while buying a railway ticket at a station.

Try Parker, eight months, of North Kensington, who died from stomach disorder set up by the extreme heat.

No fewer than seven drowning fatalities are also reported.

## BOYS FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Terrible Death of a Gallant Young Rescuer.

Two boys of the Akbar reformatory training ship, which lies in the Mersey at Rock Ferry, were drowned in sight of their comrades on Wednesday night, after a terrible struggle in midstream, a veritable life and death duel.

While the Akbar boys were taking their evening swim in the river, in charge of two officers, who had a boat on the bank, a cornet boy in the ship's band, named Arthur Marlowe, aged fifteen, a good swimmer, was seized with cramp.

Hearing his cries for help, another boy, named Read, with whom he was on very affectionate terms, swam out to his rescue. Marlowe was fighting hard for his life, but when his brave comrade reached him threw both his arms round his neck.

Read struggled to disengage himself, but was gradually dragged under.

A mad struggle was now seen to take place, the boys plunged and rolled and kicked the water in a deadly grip, and before the officers, who rowed with all their might towards them, could reach their side both sank exhausted.

A search was made, but only the body of Marlowe had till last night been discovered.

## THE "DOUBLE" CASE.

Beck Writes of Ghostly Visitors to His Cell.

To-day is an important day for Adolph Beck, who claims that he was wrongfully convicted for crimes done by his "double," John Smith.

A man, the charges against whom were singularly like those on which Beck was convicted, comes up to-day at Bow-street, and to the result of the hearing Beck's friends, who think an explanation of the mystery may be found in it, attach great significance.

A *Daily Mirror* representative called on Mr. Harold Furness, a gentleman who makes a life study of criminals, and asked him to give his view of the case against the unfortunate man Beck.

"Speaking of the points in favour of Beck," said Mr. Furness, "the fact has been overlooked that Beck, when convicted of the mean and paltry frauds in 1896, was not short of funds. He paid a solicitor's bill for £338 when in Portland out of his available assets.

Asked what he thought of Beck's mental condition, Mr. Furness would not express an opinion.

"Beck once said to me, when I talked over his case, 'Penal servitude has no terrors for me. When in my cell at Portland I was never lonely; Mozart came to me in the night and played his masses, and Beethoven visited me when I was sad and played his sonatas.'"

Martin Luther, so Beck stated to Mr. Furness, occasionally followed the great masters, and delivered religious addresses and consoled him in his hours of affliction.

## WINCHESTER BOY'S COOLNESS.

Won the Ashburton Shield with a Bullseye at His Last Shot.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BISLEY CAMP, Thursday.

Nothing could have been more exciting than the finish for the Ashburton Shield—an event open only to public schools.

Forty-two schools and colleges competed, and a large number of lady friends of the competitors were interested spectators.

Winchester were the last to shoot, and when the last lad had to fire his last round it was found that if he made a bullseye his college would just beat Clifton.

Amidst breathless silence he fired and got the coveted bullseye, thus winning the shield. Naturally the result was received with deafening cheers for his cool and plucky shot.

Cambridge won the Universities' Snap Shooting Match with 41 hits, and the Polytechnic Rifle Club carried off the Spectator Cup for tyros.

To-morrow the Elcho Shield contest is the chief item on the programme.

## FAMOUS COMEDIAN ILL.

Universal sympathy has been evoked by the announcement that Herbert Campbell, who shares the honours with Dan Leno in the Drury Lane pantomimes, is seriously ill.

On Wednesday afternoon he had a paralytic seizure, probably due to an injury to his leg about a fortnight ago.

A *Mirror* representative, who made inquiries yesterday, was informed that, though the great comedian's condition was critical, there was every hope that in a few months he would be quite right again.

A portrait of the celebrated comedian appears on page 9.

## PRINCESS OPERATED UPON.

Daughter of Prince Christian a Victim of Appendicitis.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, has just been operated on for appendicitis at the Prince Christian Victor Memorial Home, Clarence-road, Windsor.

Her Royal Highness bore the operation splendidly, and is going on as favourably as can be expected, but, of course, is not quite out of danger.

Prince and Princess Christian have had a very anxious time, it is almost needless to say, and the Princess has been constantly at the bedside of her daughter.

It was Princess Victoria's wish that the operation should be performed at the beautiful home which her mother erected to the memory of her gallant soldier son, who died in South Africa.

It is one of the ironies of fate that among the first cases dealt with at the home is Princess Christian's own daughter, who was the great favourite of Queen Victoria, and who was the late Queen's constant companion during the latter years of her life. Princess Victoria is a universal favourite with the Royal Family, and is well known for her kindness of heart and good deeds around her.

The operation was performed by a London surgeon.

## ALPHABET RELIGION.

Strange Service Conducted by an Indian Chief.

Among many extremely interesting experiences which befell the Commissioners engaged in demarcating the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela—a work which has just concluded—was a strange religious ceremony witnessed at a village called Kamaiwawong.

The Commissioners fell in with an Indian chief called Jeremiah, and upwards of 200 Indians who had gathered from various parts of the savannah to see the white men, and were extremely friendly and attentive.

Jeremiah had a church built, in which he conducted three times a day a curious service, attended by all the Indians in the vicinity. In his capacity of priest, Jeremiah robed himself in some ancient European garments and took up his position at the east end of the building facing the worshippers, who all knelt devoutly. The men occupied one side of the church and the women and children the other, the worshippers, unlike their priest, being practically devoid of clothing.

The service consisted of counting from one to ten, and saying the Alphabet in English, each being recited first by the priest and then repeated by the congregation. Both having been gone through ten times, the priest ran through a lot of names, among which that of the deity frequently occurred, the congregation reverently repeating the same.

Jeremiah cannot read or write, and teaches the people nothing more than this curious ritual.

## MARCH ON LHASSA.

British Expedition Begins Its Advance to the Tibetan Capital.

GYANGTSE, Thursday.

The move on Lhasa has begun.

The telegraph is not going on, but every effort will be made to keep up communications by means of mounted infantry.—Reuter.

It is expected in Indian military circles that the expedition should reach the Tibetan capital about August 5.

In view of the climatic conditions prevailing in Tibet during the winter, efforts are advisable to assure the return of the troops about the middle of September.

A proclamation to the Tibetan people has been issued by Colonel Younghusband, declaring the intention of the British mission to march to Lhasa in order to exact reparation for the contumacious treatment by the Tibetan authorities of the representatives of the Emperor King, and warning the people that severe punishment will follow any attack upon the advancing British force.—Reuter.

## FISCALITIS AT OSWESTRY.

Polling day for the Oswestry by-election has been fixed for Tuesday, the 28th.

The Conservatives claim that after privately canvassing the district they will win with an increased majority. On the other hand, the Liberals believe that they will get the majority of the agricultural votes and carry all before them in the outlying small towns and villages.

The election will be fought out on the fiscal question; the taxing of food being the main point in the eyes of the majority of the voters.

The French motorists who are touring the south of England, under the leadership of Mr. J. W. Stocks, of the De Dion Bouton Company, spent yesterday at the Isle of Wight.

## "JULES" IN TOWN.

French Sight-seers' Impressions of Our Capital.

### A BEAUTIFUL "MEES."

"Qu'elle est gentil-lle, cette Mees! Ravissante! Epatante!"

The exclamation burst in obvious sincerity from the Frenchman who had just arrived at Victoria. He was one of the party of "L'art pour l'art" who were returning the recent visit of English workmen to Paris, and he had just been engaged in a frantic struggle for his luggage.

But then came a vision—an English lady of extreme beauty, diaphanous in summer muslin, gliding goddess-like across the platform. The Frenchman saw it, and—metaphorically, of course—fell down and worshipped.

This, then, was an Anglaise—a Mees. It shattered the ideals of poor Jules at a blow. A Parisian working-man, he only knew English ladies from the caricatures in the "Rire," and the living caricatures so often transported across the Channel by Cook and the likes of Cook—a creature all angles and vinegar, with hooked nose, long, yellow teeth, and a tailor-made costume the same width all the way down.

And here, to belie all his preconceptions, was an angelic being with eyes of azure, satin skin, and locks of gold, well groomed, well gaited, chic as the cream of the Bois de Boulogne.

Jules and his seventy male comrades gazed long and admiringly at the apparition. Jules did more. He took out his handkerchief and waved a blessing at the retreating goddess.

Unhappy Jules! For Mrs. Jules was on the watch. She had been regarding the Anglaise with some jealousy—being herself a dumpy, undivine little brunette—and she descended on Jules with determination. A little French edition of Mrs. Caudle followed, and Jules looked henpecked and forlorn as he helped madame into the waiting chaise-a-banc.

There were 100 visitors in all, counting wives and sweethearts.

They were garbed for the most part very quietly. The blue smock was conspicuous by its absence. To make up for this they sported a rosette of the national colours on one side of their coats, a vivid green one on the other, while a yellow ticket, reminiscent of "Cabby," hung from the top button of their waistcoats.

### "Le Breakfast."

The party went off—it was early morning—to the Manchester Hotel, where a thoroughly English breakfast of eggs, fish, and chops was provided. The Frenchmen, accustomed to coffee and roll, shied at this at first, but afterwards took heart of grace, and tackled it in fine style.

"Your breakfast," said one, "is good—very good. I will have always a breakfast English when I come home again."

His wife looked frightened. She was thinking of the exchequer.

After breakfast a start was made for Buckingham Palace, which the visitors were to see by special permission of the King.

They were full of admiration, not for the Palace but for the Scotch Guards they saw at drill, and for the gorgeous footmen in scarlet, just inside the door.

The Republican mind visioned him as some great functionary of state, and was hurt rather than otherwise by the interpreter's whispered explanation, "domestic."

The culmination point was reached when they entered the Queen's boudoir. A long-drawn "Hein" of astonishment was followed by a rapid stream of appreciative comments—"magnifique," "epatant," etc.

### At the "House."

The Palace properly "done," the visitors were driven to the House of Commons. Here they were the guests of Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., and other members. On entering they were presented with a souvenir comprising Sir Howard's pamphlet, "How we are governed," a pretty menu of the lunch which followed, and a pictorial view.

Sir Howard, in excellent French, extended a warm welcome to his guests, and afterwards "showed them round."

After lunch and coffee on the terrace, where the view was much appreciated, a move was made to the Tate Gallery.

Then followed a drive to the Temple, during which the "Boulevards," as the visitors called the Embankment, was viewed with delight.

### "Vive la Reine."

The seal was set on their enjoyment by the sudden appearance of the Queen on her way to the East End.

The traffic was held up, the word passed along, and "La Reine, La Reine," burst from one hundred lips.

As the Queen passed bystanders on the Embankment were astounded to hear a mighty French cheer of "Heep, heep, heep," followed by cries of "Vive l'Angleterre, vive la Reine," issue from the six brakes drawn up at the side. The Queen was obviously much pleased with her French friends, and bowed and smiled repeatedly.



## MRS. PALGRAVE VICTRIX.

"The Queen of Blouses" Successfully Rebuts Her Husband's Allegations.

Dainty little Mrs. Palgrave, the "Queen of Blouses," as she has come to be called during her four days' sojourn in the Divorce Court, has won her case against her solicitor husband, Mr. Reginald Palgrave.

The jury returned to court with their verdict late last evening, after but a few minutes absence, and their foreman returned an emphatic "No, we do not!" to the associate's question: "Do you find that Eileen Gore Palgrave committed misconduct with Frank Lutiger?"

Then a little grave smile of relief from suspense flitted across Mrs. Palgrave's petite features as her friends crowded round to wring her tiny white-gloved hand.

It was quite a miniature court that the "Queen of Blouses" held while the ushers tried to restrain the applause that came from the gallery.

Soon the grave smile turned to one of merriment under the influence of the handshakes, and amid an escort of friends and legal advisers, the black-robed, black-bloused victrix made her triumphant departure from the court.

The jury also absolved Mr. Lutiger, the young artist co-respondent, from all blame, so the petition was finally dismissed, with costs against Mr. Palgrave, who had watched the denouement from the side of the jury-box.

## "LOVELY WOMAN."

The Author's Unsuccessful Appeal in His Libel Action.

Mr. Crosland and the "St. James's Gazette" fell out on the subject of widows. Mr. Crosland, in his book, said: "When I look out on life I am inclined to wish that all women were widows."

The "St. James's," in a review of "Lovely Woman," retorted: "We are inclined to agree that if one woman were a widow the misery of the world would be materially lessened."

After Mr. Crosland's solicitor had written to the paper that "This statement is a gross and cruel libel on my client, and an insult to his wife," recourse was had to the Law Courts, with the result that the "St. James's" won the day.

"There would have been another verdict," said Mr. Cohen, Mr. Crosland's counsel yesterday, when the case was heard again in the Appeal Court, "if it had not been for the fact that Mr. Justice Grantham before his summing-up had marked two pages in the book, and called the jury's attention to them, thus creating prejudice."

Lord Justice Mathew had been closely examining the "Lovely Woman" to whom he had been personally introduced, and, as Mr. Cohen made the above remark, his lordship joined in with, "I can understand that the learned Judge did not wish to repeat in public anything so disgusting."

Their lordships each in turn said that the appeal must be dismissed, and a broad smile spread over the North British faces in Court as they severally said it. Lord Justice Mathew, who gave his opinion last, said: "It is fair criticism, though very pungent and very unpleasant."

## SIEVIER'S COUNTRY SEAT.

During most of the time allotted at Bow-street yesterday for the fourth hearing of the perjury charge against Robert Standish Sievier in connection with his bankruptcy proceedings in 1898, Mr. Bodkin, counsel for the Treasury, dealt with the defendant's occupancy of Park House, Tooting.

Mr. Bodkin put forward a mass of correspondence relating to the drainage and the views of Mr. Farrer, the solicitor, upon the suitability of Mr. Sievier as a tenant. This was with the object of proving that during the time Mr. Sievier was in possession at Tooting during the rent and incidental expenses were invariably paid by him.

Another adjournment was ordered.

## JUDGE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY.

Since Judge Edge, in the course of a dressmaking dispute, jocularly commented on the value of an independent lady expert in such cases, he has received so many letters from persons offering to act in that capacity that he had to explain at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday his remarks were not intended to be taken in such a serious spirit.

Although, his Honour added, dressmaking cases have been comparatively numerous of late he was afraid that his Majesty's Treasury would scarcely appoint a dressmaking expert to that or any other county court.

A witness at the Shorehedge County Court yesterday said that since he came to London in 1880 he had failed five times. His wife had failed twice, and at the present time his son was also an undischarged bankrupt.

## RE-TRYING THE MAYBRICK CASE.

"Mirror" Readers Will Be the Jury, and Will Have the Case Impartially Put Before Them.

This morning's news from America shows that the agitation for the establishment of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence is gaining ground among her fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, and that, as the day of her release draws near, friends of Mrs. Maybrick are prepared to come—indeed, it is said that several are now on their way—to London to work up public interest in her case in this country, with the object of winning for her a free pardon.

The sheaves of letters that have reached the *Mirror* office since we first drew attention to her

*Ok. External Use.*  
*Indol. St. Arsene 3 ss*  
*Chlorate Potash 3 ss*  
*Broand 3 ss*  
*Water 3 ss*  
*Apply with a sponge twice a day -*  
*Barry*  
*69 N 33 St*

## The missing face-wash prescription

approaching release make it clear that many people in this country, not only have a keen remembrance of the case, but are still deeply perplexed by the result of the trial.

Hundreds of correspondents from all parts of the country express an astonishing variety of views, quoting evidence which is not to be found in the official report, and suggesting motives which were at least not given during the final trial. This is due no doubt to the many years which have elapsed since the trial.

## THE FACE-WASH PRESCRIPTION.

One of the main points in the American agitation relates to the arsenical face wash, the pre-

scription for which Mrs. Maybrick told the Judge she had lost. She gave that as her principal reason for buying fly-papers from which to extract arsenic for cosmetic purposes.

The missing prescription has been found, and we reproduce it upon this page. It was discovered by Mrs. Maybrick's mother, the Baroness de Roques, within the leaves of a family Bible, which the late James Maybrick's trustees sent to the Baroness some time after Mrs. Maybrick's imprisonment.

The chemist has also certified the genuineness of it.

Whatever else it does, this prescription testifies to the truthfulness of Mrs. Maybrick, and disposes of the supposition prevailing at the time of the trial that the face-wash prescription was a "clever invention."

## NEW EVIDENCE.

A good deal of new evidence of this kind has been unearthed during the past fifteen years, and much of it will no doubt be produced during the course of the agitation for a free pardon, which it is certain will be raised by American sympathisers on the release of Mrs. Maybrick.

Mrs. Maybrick may or may not be innocent; but it is obvious from a careful perusal of the letters which have reached us that there are very few now among the public sufficiently conversant with the exact details of the case to enable them either to form an opinion on the old evidence or give that careful consideration to the new points which may be brought forward. The *Daily Mirror* therefore proposes in the public interest to place before our readers a complete and impartial narrative of the whole history of the Maybrick case compiled from the records of the inquest, the police court proceedings, and the trial at the assizes, as well as other authoritative sources.

The first portion of the narrative will appear in tomorrow's *Daily Mirror*, and the daily instalments will reveal in proper sequence the whole of the astounding series of events and coincidences which culminated in the imprisonment of Mrs. Maybrick for fifteen years.

## A LONDON PETITION.

A preliminary meeting of a number of London trade-unions was held yesterday afternoon, when it was decided to, if possible, influence the members of trade unions, friendly societies, temperance bodies, and kindred organisations in taking a part in the agitation which has been started for the granting of a free pardon to Mrs. Maybrick.

A petition is in course of preparation by a number of American residents in London in favour of the free pardon. The petition will be placed at the American Exchanges and all the hotels possible for signature.

## FIRE MADE THE CRIPPLE WALK.

Though Paralyzed Patrick Shay Helped to Save Four Lives.

Patrick Shay, formerly engaged at the Shaftesbury Theatre, has for five years suffered from paralysis in both legs and been obliged to use crutches.

But, seeing a startling outbreak of fire in Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, early yesterday morning, he was so excited that he walked to the fire-alarm and summoned help, assisted to rescue inmates of the burning building, and then walked away with his crutches under his arm.

With Police-constable 44E, he rescued four of the twenty-two inmates of the house, bringing two children out first, and the other occupants were eventually rescued in their nightclothes.

Two people, who, with a fireman, fell through the escape, were so severely injured that they had to be taken to King's College Hospital. All the dogs and birds in the shop were suffocated.

## LIQUEUR CHOCOLATES ILLEGAL.

As a sequel to the outcry against the sale of liqueur chocolate beans made in the House of Commons last week, the revenue authorities have taken action.

Inspectors have visited many of the leading confectionery and sweet shops in London, and each of these establishments have received warning from the Board of Inland Revenue "regarding the sale without licence of chocolate containing alcohol."

Chocolate liqueurs must be withdrawn from sale until such licence is held, or legal proceedings will be instituted.

## BEEF FAMINE AVERTED.

The meat famine is averted for the present by the determination of the Chicago butchers to submit their dispute with their employers to arbitration. Pending the result of the arbitration, the men will probably return to work.

## FARM MYSTERY.

Young Farmer Acquitted of the Charge of Killing His Rival's Cows.

The trial of the young Derbyshire farmer, Thomas Mellor, who the prosecution alleged had killed several cows belonging to a neighbour from motives of jealousy, ended at the assizes yesterday in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The allegations made against him were of a remarkable character.

Six cows were missed from a field near the farm occupied by Mr. Edward Jewell at Stony Middleton on May 23, and two of the cattle were afterwards found shot dead near Black Harry Farm, which Mellor rented.

## Jealousy as a Motive.

Two more of the animals were found dead in a field on the farm of Mr. Rendfern, whose daughter had previously been engaged to Mellor, but whose engagement to Mr. Jewell had been announced a few days earlier. Jealousy on this account was suggested as a motive for the crime by the prosecution.

No direct evidence was forthcoming against Mellor, but certain footprints found near the cattle were alleged to be similar to those made by his boots, and it was also sought to prove that shot taken from the dead cattle were similar to those in Mellor's flask. Cartridge wads were also put in as evidence.

## Former Sweetheart's Evidence.

Miss Rendfern was called as a witness. She said that her engagement with Mellor was broken off at her instance, and that he had since begged her to renew it.

Mr. Stanger, K.C., for the defence, described the motive put forward by the prosecution as an utterly inadequate one, and said that Mellor was now paying his addresses to another young lady, Mellor, in the witness-box, gave an absolute denial to the charge.

The jury refused to accept the theory of the prosecution, and the accused man was discharged.

## AIDED BY NEWSPAPERS.

How Important Divorce Evidence Was Secured.

Sir Francis Jeune had a compliment to pay to the law columns of newspapers during the hearing of the "Rancher's Divorce Suit," which came to an end yesterday.

Through reading a report of the case in a newspaper, a Somersetshire man, named Lincoln, came forward as a witness, and gave valuable evidence in support of the rancher's case.

He said that he had seen Mrs. Howard, the latter's wife, sitting on the knee of Pattison, the purser co-respondent.

Newspapers performed a useful public service in making the progress of cases known, said the President, when giving leave for Mr. Lincoln to tell his story.

After Mrs. Howard had denied the imputations against her—she was, unfortunately, much affected after she left the witness-box, and became so ill that she had to leave the court—the President granted Mr. Howard a decree nisi, with the custody of his children.

One of these, a little girl now under her mother's charge at Brussels, was ordered to be given up within three days.

## BOYS' BARGAINS IN PISTOLS.

In the case of a youth named Henry Staley, who pleaded guilty at Clerkenwell Sessions to wounding Leon Van Praagh, it was stated that the prisoner had shot the prosecutor in the course of a faction fight between Gentiles and Jews in the East End.

The rival factions, a detective stated, armed themselves with revolvers, which they purchased for 1s. Formerly the price was 3s. 3d., but shopkeepers sold out their stock cheaply in consequence of the new Pistols Act.

Sentence on Staley was postponed.

## Saving &amp; Making Money.

The 2/6 Fountain Pen has come to stay. It is all that a Fountain Pen should be—a perfect worker and labour-saver. On sale at all the book-stalls of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons.

The most pleasurable way of making money is by taking photographs. £10.10 offered for photos with the "Daily Mirror" Camera, which costs but 3/9—of course a camera is worth far more.

Coupon on page 16. Coupon on page 13.



## THE CITY.

\* Ex div.



## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONS: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Office of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

J. E. BLOOM & CO., TAILORS,  
J. E. BLOOM & CO., 317 and 318, High Holborn.  
J. E. BLOOM & CO., SUMMER SALE,  
J. E. BLOOM & CO., At Reduced Prices,  
J. E. BLOOM & CO., July 4th to 30th.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1904.

## "TIME TO DO SOMETHING."

Mr. Arnold-Forster's very bold, very outspoken, speech in the House of Commons yesterday was really a most scathing indictment of all the men who have been pretending to rule this country for a quarter of a century past.

He, explained, with brutal frankness—a frankness which ought to earn him our deepest gratitude and respect—that the Army as it is has pretty nearly every fault which an army can have. By implication he branded not only Mr. Brodrick, his predecessor at the War Office, but all our Prime Ministers and every holder of Government office for many years back as bunglers, muddlers, triflers, who, by failing to see that it was "time to do something," have put their country in danger and made us pay through the nose for an Army which only saved us from disaster because "the men were splendid," although the system was so bad.

"Time to do something." It is indeed! When we are told that we are charged £29,000,000 a year for an Army that is "wasteful and unsatisfactory" in peace and "totally unfit to go to war," it is time to do something drastic and severe.

The only doubt we have about Mr. Arnold-Forster's proposals is whether they are severe enough. He has clearly studied very carefully the needs of the Empire and the kind of Army we require. But has he been allowed to tell us fully the conclusions to which his studies have led him?

At any rate, his scheme is the scheme of a man with large ideas, who understands that the Navy is our first line of defence, and bases his plans upon solid facts, not on paper fictions. So far it is an immense advance upon anything that has gone before.

## A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

We mentioned yesterday that most of our correspondents on the Maybrick mystery showed how little they knew about the facts of the case. To-day we are even more struck by the prevailing ignorance of the details of the very remarkable and deeply interesting story which was unfolded at the famous trial fifteen years ago.

With the view, therefore, both of satisfying public curiosity and of putting our readers in a position to decide whether Mrs. Maybrick is an innocent woman or not, we have decided to begin to-morrow the publication of a complete history of the whole affair.

This will, we need hardly say, be compiled only from the most trustworthy sources. We shall trace, to begin with, the life story of the Maybrick household up to the time of James Maybrick's death. We shall then give a complete account of the evidence produced at the trial, and we shall afterwards supplement this with fresh evidence which has been discovered since.

The whole will form a human document of the most engrossing nature, and at the same time, we believe, a vindication of an unhappy woman who has lost fifteen years of her life through a judicial blunder, who has never ceased to protest her innocence, and to whom, if this hideous mistake has been made, we owe every reparation in our power.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

## A Simple Rule of Life.

Temperance and exercise in health; abstinence and rest in illness.—*Voltaire*, French philosopher, 1694—1778.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

What was Mr. Chamberlain thinking as he glanced at the newsbills announcing "Oom Paul's" death, on his way to the great Liberal Unionist meeting yesterday? He had a sincere respect for the old man, and Kruger, too, could appreciate an opponent's qualities. Once at a circus he said that lions "were like Chamberlain; they want lots, take all they can get, never mind how much you've already given them, and are so cool about it all, too." Well, a good few Liberal Unionists are saying much the same thing just now.

Earl Cairns, who has managed to get the better of the police evidence brought against him concerning the driving of his motor-car, will never be as generally known by his family title as he was as Lord Garmoyne. His distinction as such was not an enviable one. Becoming infatuated with a well-known actress, who is still a favourite in the provinces, he was careful to appear very generally in London with her as her affianced husband.

Either he tired, or his parents put their patrician feet down, or else his father satirically expostulated until he was successful. At any rate, the pretty actress, after an eight months' engagement, brought an action for breach of promise, and got £10,000 damages, and Lord Garmoyne travelled, to rehabilitate his constitution and name. He has been at Sandhurst, and knows something about engineering, but his intimates still best remember him as "Collar and Cuffs." He was a perfect type of the "masher" of the 'eighties. The man in the street called him "Gumboli."

Our French visitors heard their own language perfectly spoken by Sir Howard Vincent, by whom and other members of Parliament they were being entertained yesterday. To whatever else one may take exception in Sir Howard, none can impeach him as a linguist. When he was at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, he used to conduct his correspondence with France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Turkey, and Russia in

the languages of those countries. He is master of them all, and the force at Scotland Yard nearly expired at the display of erudition.

Muscular Christianity has few better exemplars than the Rev. Frank Hilly Gillingham, who, following up his great innings for Essex against the Champions, is playing for England against the South Africans. Now that the Rev. Frank Rashleigh no longer swings a flail for Kent, the Leyton curate and the Rev. A. P. Wickham, the veteran Somerset wicket-keeper, have the field to themselves. "The cloth" is represented, however, by many sons of parsons. The Crawfords, Hoggie and Vivian, of Leicestershire; A. O. Jones, the Notts skipper; the Fosters; and R. H. Spooner, the Lancashire bat, are among the many sons of rectories at present adorning the game.

The other day we did a brave man an injustice. We called Mr. H. Hook, V.C., who proved himself a hero at Rorke's Drift, by the name of "Hood." Without any offence to the Hood family, he does not like it. We offer him our sympathetic apologies. Mr. Hook is now a familiar figure at the British Museum. Sometimes he is inclined to think that frequenters of the Reading Room are even harder to battle with than Julius! But he has many good friends among them, too.

If any man on either side specially distinguish himself to-day in the London v. Provincial Actors' match, he will straightway be in danger of abduction. For Mr. F. R. Benson will be there. Dearly as he regards a man with a genius for Shakespeare, he loves him better who has, perhaps, less histrionic talent, possesses a presentable batting and bowling average.

"A cricketer preferred" runs his advertisement for a man to join his company. After all, he has found brawn go very well with brain, as witness the number of first-class men now on the stage who graduated with him. He himself is a really first rate athlete. He won the three mile race for Oxford at the inter-Varsity sports in the record time of 15min. 5 4-5sec. And he still plays a straight bat, and shoves like ten men in a Rugby scrum.

Where have all the flies gone to this year? Several people have asked me this, and I certainly have seen very few myself. There are plenty of midges and green-flies, but the common-or-window-pane bluebottle, the domestic housefly, is not a quarter such a nuisance this year as he usually is by the time July comes round.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

## The Secretary For War.

"Will Arnold-Forster be nervous?" asked a visitor to the House of Commons yesterday. "You evidently don't know the man," was the reply of the Old Parliamentary Hand.

Yet, when he rose in the burning heat of one of this summer's hottest afternoons, to make or lose his reputation in a single speech, he might have been excused for feeling qualms as to his chances of success.

If he did, he did not show them. His voice was as clear and penetrating as rasping, some might say—as ever. His pale, firm features were hardly set. His hands grasped their bundles of notes without a sign of shakiness.

He might have been making just an ordinary speech (except that he is not a man who ever does make ordinary speeches), instead of laying down the lines of a policy which will have a deep and lasting influence, not only upon the fate of the present Government, but upon the destiny of the British Empire, maybe for generations to come.

It used to be the custom to sneer at Arnold-Forster as a prig, a man who thought he knew everything. Somehow that custom has dropped into disuse. For, indeed, he has proved his worth.

He is one of the few statesmen of our time, one of the forces which are moulding the shape of the age. After Mr. Chamberlain he is reckoned by shrewd observers the most go-ahead and the most forceful—not to say pushful—politician in the present House of Commons.

His speech yesterday will be a landmark in the history of the Army, and it will put him in the front rank of candidates for the Premiership at some future date.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Should French People Be Surprised To Find London Streets Quiet at Eight o'clock in the Morning?

A correspondent asks us this, after reading in the "Evening News" that the working folk from Paris, who are visiting our capital, wondered at not seeing more people about when they arrived yesterday.

The reason is that in Paris by eight o'clock the streets are full, the shops open, and most kinds of business in full swing. The same is the case in all the other Continental capitals.

London gets up later than any European city. Foreigners are nearly always astonished at our lie-abed habits. It is little use explaining to them that, when we are at work, we work harder. They cannot understand why we are content to lose the early morning hours.





MARGARET SMITH.



Margaret is a flower-seller, and she threw a bunch of roses into the King's carriage as his Majesty was driving to the City to lay the foundation stone of the new wing of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, hitting the King full in the face. She was charged at Bow-street for the deed, but was promptly released by royal command.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.



Henry Dawson, the Liverpool factory labourer, who sailed for America on Wednesday to claim the £10,000 left him by a rich uncle.

ELECTION SCENES AT OSWESTRY.



Snapshot of the crowd at the Free-Food meeting in the Corn Market at Oswestry. In the background is Speaker Henry Vivian, pointing out some interrupters, who were promptly removed by the police.—(Photograph by Morris, Oswestry.)



This map shows the fortifications and Japanese flags, of the Mikado's forces. Japanese troops have captured the

ANOTHER FRENCH INVASION OF THE METROPOLIS.



A hundred Paris workers, members of the Societe de l'Art Pour Tous, arrived in London yesterday morning. One of the first things they did on arrival was to visit Buckingham Palace. The party leaving the Palace Courtyard.



The party of French visitors is made up of seventy men and thirty women. Snapshot of a group of the Parisians in Parliament-square discussing the architectural beauty of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.



WITHIN THREE MILES OF PORT ARTHUR.



defences of the Russians around Port Arthur, and the position, indicated by the small flags, who are now within three miles of Port Arthur. The latest dispatches state that the Russian fleet, one of the principal Russian defences, and the fall of the famous fortress can now only be a matter of days.

HEAVY FIRING AT BISLEY.



Yesterday was a busy day at Bisley, and the markers at the targets were kept fully occupied. Here they are in the rifle-pits making up the scores.



Teams representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities competed for the Humphry Cup at Bisley on Wednesday. Photograph of the winning Cambridge team, who scored a total of 801, against Oxford's aggregate total of 784.—(Photograph by Knight, Aldershot.)

HERBERT CAMPBELL ILL.



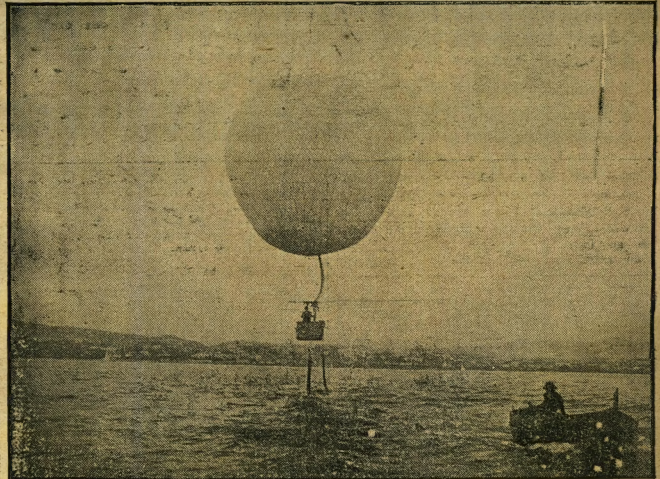
The famous comedian is now lying seriously ill with paralysis at his house in North London.

PRINCESS CHIMAY.



She has just married her third husband in Paris, and is now in London on a visit to a restorer of complexions.

COUNT DE LA VAULX IN HIS BALLOON.



Escorted by a French torpedo-boat, Count de la Vaulx, the well-known aeronaut, made a successful trial trip with his balloon; Mediterranean Ill., out to sea from Montpellier and back on Wednesday.



# THE THREATENED CRINOLINE—A PROTEST AND AN APPEAL.

## RESIST THE INVASION!

### WHAT WILL HAPPEN SHOULD THE CRINOLINE COME.

It is early days yet, so the great dressmakers say, to utter any proclamation concerning the coming of the crinoline, but it is surely not too early for an emphatic word of remore on the part of mankind, as well as womankind, against its new advent, for if the crinoline should come it will prove the greatest sartorial nuisance of the twentieth century. That we may very reasonably fear we are on the eve of a change for the worse in the size of our skirts a glimpse at the pictures on this page will prove.

There you see a toilette sketched line for line from a picture in *La Belle Assemblée* of 1835, the

of a crinoline. More than a suggestion it is. To-day our underskirts are thickly corded, so that the voluminous widths of the upper one may be given due support, and into the flounces of the upper skirt are introduced wire and whalebone edgings with the express determination to make them stand out crisply all the way round.

I who write have before me a book of the modes which shows the progress of the crinoline most markedly. All through the thirties the skirt remained very much as we see it in the picture

large enough for two, theatre stalls will be inconvenient in the same way, railway carriages will be far more tightly packed than they are now, and our omnibuses, though they are greatly improved since the previous days of the crinoline, will not be any longer the comfortable vehicles they are now.

If we could stop where the 1830 crinoline began and we are now, namely, with corded skirts and whalebone-edged flounces, we women would be well pleased. The veriest grumbler alive could

The dress of 1904 shown on the right is made of chameleon muslin, with inset lace and blue velvet bows upon it.



Compare the gown of 1835, shown on the left, with that of the present day, depicted above, and little difference will be seen between the two.



find no fault with the frocks we show. That of the shadowy past was modest, feminine, and charming; that of the present is the same. The skirt, with which we are now mainly concerned, is quite ample enough for beauty and not too ample for convenience, and a very great improvement upon its bel-tight predecessor; the waist is elegantly defined, not as the result of tight lacing, but as that of the contrast between the big sleeves and the gauged skirt, and the pelerine is charmingly feminine, recalling as it does the shoulder shawls of the past. How delightfully, too, the stringed hats of to-day follow, though they do not slavishly copy, the bonnets of the past. We are so truly artistic now that it would be a thousand pities if the exaggeration that is threatened were to come.

### Excesses That May Be Offered.

Inquiries among the dressmakers have elicited the most unsatisfactory replies. In one instance only, a firm of great repute declare that "the crinoline will not come." Others reply in a dubious strain, far too dubious a one to cause anything save consternation. But all admit that cords and whalebones are being used. It only remains to be seen whether these suffice for the needs of the early autumn frock.

It is easy to understand why whalebone and cords may not be enough for the needs of the coming by-and-by. Cloth gowns are not nearly so easy to support as muslin and taffetas ones, and if they are to be as wide in width may have to be inflated over a cage. But that the modistes of to-day are cleverer than those of half a century ago we will assert, and that they can if they choose to do so find a way out of the threatened difficulty.

Women who really want anything are wonderfully capable of getting that which they want, so if they protest loudly enough against the invasion of the crinoline, that dreaded garment will not appear. Hence, loud indeed should be their denunciations of it, and dogged their determination not to wear it, even should orders from that mysterious dame, Fashion, arrive for them to do so.

## FASHION'S FOOTSTEPS.

### ITEMS SEEN ON EVERY SIDE.

Chameleon or changeable taffetas make charming costumes.

Scarves of shaded chiffon in rainbow colourings have replaced the boa.

For the extreme faddist in colour effects there are mauve shoes to be purchased and to be worn with mauve frocks.

Shoes of green suede are used as the accompaniments of the much favoured green costume of the season.

The pompadour veils that have made their appearance are composed of mousseline de soie with floral decoration upon them, and have a hem-stitched edge.

Knitted boleros are now substituted for the golf jacket and sweater. The sleeves are roony and in cream, and pale blue, red and white, and green and white. These jackets are very smart.

The washing hat, while it is chiefly seen in white, is also made of pale blue and pale pink lawn. The old-fashioned Normandy mob is worn, and in lawn hats of a shade of buff with a little hand embroidery carried out in white they are very cool looking. A little piece of the dress worn will furnish material for the hat, which can be quickly and easily put together by hand. Nothing in addition is needed save a bunch or wreath of tiny button roses.

## GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

### FINAL MARVELS OF A GREAT SALE.

Golden opportunities for the purchaser at Messrs. Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W., will occur to-day and to-morrow—to-day because all remnants are to be sold at half-price, and to-morrow because the sale ends, and as everything must be cleared, the bargains that can be secured are indeed phenomenal.

Harrod's sale is one of the shortest in all London. It began only on Monday last and ends, as has been said already, to-morrow. This means that the offered goods have not been turned over and over by a curious crowd, and so are all fresh and excessively desirable.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

"No, I can't come out now. There are too many flies about."

"Very well; wait till lunch-time. They'll be all in the dining-room then."—"Le Rire" (French).

## INDIGESTION AND SLEEPLESSNESS

"Indigestion reduced me from a strong, healthy man, almost to a shadow," says Mr. Alfred Clapham, of Windmill Lane, Chesham.

### Dispelled by

"There was always a feeling of oppression at my stomach; and I suffered much from headache, want of appetite, and sleeplessness. From this wretched condition Mother Seigel's Syrup rescued me, after numerous other medicines had failed."

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Price 1/4 and 2/6 per Bottle.

## Hay Fever.

"Science Siftings," the great authority on the purity of foods and drugs, says: "Recent experiments have proved to us that Iceland Natural Water sprayed into the nostrils is a cure for and preventive of hay-fever." Iceland Water soothes and cures, nasositis and nasal itches quicker than any artificial remedy. Bottles, 6s. and 1s.—ICELAND CO., Ltd. (Dept. 13), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.



**DOWN BUYS**  
The "MILLION" CYCLE. Sent at once on instalments, 25/5/- each. Astonishing value! Guaranteed British throughout. May be used on 4000. Free Price List. The SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., Ltd. (P.A. Dept.), 13, Gray's Inn-road, London.

**LADIES**  
You know you cannot have a good figure without a well-developed bust. The best of bust my wonderful specific "Vestria" will positively increase size of bust 4 inches in 3 to 4 weeks, this guaranteed; also fills hollows in neck, chest, etc. As a developer and skin beautifier it is absolutely unrivalled; even first application makes a wonderful improvement, quite harmless effect, permanent, 10 years' reputation, specially low price 1/6 3 weeks to 10/6. Dealers one jar 1s. usually one jar 2s. 6d. post paid. Money returned if not satisfied. Address Mrs. DOUCHIER, 6, Holborn Viaduct, London, and at Paris.

fashion periodical to which every modish woman bowed the knee seventy years ago. Side by side with the picture of 1835 is one of our own day. It will be seen that the two skirts are almost to an inch of the same width, and that they stand out with just the same suggestion

of the first column, widening a little, but not obviously worn over a crinoline. It remained for the forties and fifties to witness the introduction and establishment of the wire cage, which proved so hard to abandon, and whose new advent we are now dreading so much.

### Disagreeable to Wear.

This is the moment at which the great dressmakers in London and in Paris cogitate upon the coming modes of early autumn, and a few weeks will determine whether the crinoline is to be introduced or not. A loud protest against it is here-with raised. The crinoline is awkward in appearance, must be most disagreeable to wear, very much impedes the freedom of the limbs, and makes itself entirely an obstruction in carriages, theatre stalls, and about the house.

It is not too much to say that the space two women occupy now will, if the crinoline should arrive, be required by one woman only. Big furniture instead of the reasonably-sized pieces to which we have become accustomed will be necessary, and that will be a remarkably awkward result of a mere fashion in the small flats that are now so much in vogue. Hansom cabs will not be

## ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumière and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

### CHIC SPECIALITIES.

HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.  
BLOUSES . 2 to 5 Guineas.  
COSTUMES 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference.  
Country orders under £5 cash with order.



## THE QUEEN IN THE EAST.

### Warmly Welcomed from Aldgate to the People's Palace.

Down the Mile End-road yesterday afternoon Queen Alexandra felt assuredly that it was well worth while being a Queen.

She went first to St. George's-in-the-East and then on rapidly to the People's Palace, where she opened a flower show, held under the auspices of the local horticultural society and the East London Technical College, in aid of the London Hospital.

Thursday, early-closing day, was a wisely-chosen time. The fortune of the weather was royal and prodigal of sunshine.

The Mile End-road turned out for a carnival of delight. It celebrated the occasion of a minute while the Queen drove by, a quarter of an hour to wait, and then another minute as she drove back as though it were a jubilee.

From Aldgate to the Palace the broad roadway was lined with people. Here you saw the masses and how loyal they are. Here you saw, as her Majesty's carriage passed the hordes of clustering children from the squalid slums on either hand,

the contrast which has puzzled the philosophers of all centuries. The lady born in the purple, bowing from her chariot to the men, women, and children born in the mud, who cheered her from their place in the gutter.

#### Allen's Homage.

She drove down, preceded by her outriders, a mounted policeman fifty yards ahead to clear the sanded road for her. As presence of a guard an equestrian and two mounted police rode behind. "Look at her," said an alien in the crowd, dirty and unshaven, "go in' along the street unguarded! Why we might be all anarchists for all she knows! But who would hurt a hair of her dear head, the greatest lady in the world? I tell you, sir, a scene like this is not possible in any other European city!"

She drove on, turning here and turning there with a sweet smile of greeting. The women, in their skimpy skirts and ungainly blouses, marked with the instinct of their sex that she wore her favourite heliotrope dress, and they felt a sense of honour. All above the closed shops along the route

flags waved in the summer wind. No one was too poor to make a show. Handkerchiefs printed with a programme of the few minutes sold by dozens in Little Union Jacks proved miniature gold mines to the hawkers.

Dressed in their best the belles of Whitechapel, Stratford, and Bow, sat in the windows and watched. Not a window was untenanted. Landlords of the shops to let had apparently reaped a harvest. In more than one house the window frames had been knocked out to give a better view. After the Queen had driven back a neatly-dressed man in a light grey suit, with the look of a countryman who shook hands with a policeman, who returned the grip, saying, "Didn't I tell you so, mate?" A Mirror representative happened to be there; he asked the provincial what it all meant.

#### Worth Waiting For.

"Just this," said the man, radiantly. "I'm from Chesterfield. That policeman persuaded me to wait an hour for this, and it was worth it. The King disappointed us twice. Once he was too ill to come when we had spent thousands to greet him. Next time he went through in a closed motor-car at fifteen miles an hour, when we were having a Bank Holiday to welcome him."

"Now I've seen the Queen, and I don't care. She looks the picture of a noble-minded, pure, and royal lady. I would have waited a day to see her."

And it was all just this, that the Queen drove to the People's Palace to open a flower show. It was also an object lesson in the personal magnetism that makes popularity and compels loyalty.

## END OF THE SEASON.

### No More Entertainments Will Be Graced by Royalty Till Goodwood.

Rather earlier than usual the season is drawing to a close, and already houses in the West End are shutting up, while the afternoon block in Piccadilly is a thing of the past.

On July 22 there is a fancy fair at Buckhurst, near Wokingham, for the benefit of the League of Mercy, which Princess Christian has promised to attend, and this is practically the end of the long succession of seemingly endless charity fêtes.

As yet it is not decided what hostess will claim the last night of the season as her own, but it is probable that one of the very great ladies will give some entertainment for, as yet, the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Devonshire alone have entertained on a large scale, irrespective of political parties.

One thing, however, is certain, there will be no more royal entertainments until Goodwood, as the King and Queen will be away next week.

An applicant for a vaccination exemption certificate at Tottenham recited the usual formula, adding, "I think." The Magistrate: You only think? Applicant corrected himself: I believe. He was told that would not do, and was sent home.

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### CHAPTER XXXVI. (continued.)

Robert Chevenix yielded to necessity, and followed Beatrix up the wide stairs. He had been fiercely as he crossed the threshold of the sick room. The blind was half drawn down, and the room was very much in shadow, but he could perceive Sir James Wilson sitting on a chair by the bedside, and Nurse Graham stood by the great specialist. Both doctor and nurse looked distressed and uneasy. They had fought a hard battle, and had been beaten.

Margaret lay amongst her sheets, whilst the fine linen surrounding her. Her eyes were widely open and full of such desperate agony that Robert Chevenix fell back horror-struck. So Gretchen might have looked when Faust found her in the dungeon, a crazed Gretchen, who plucked idly at broken straw, whilst her scaffold reared up outside the prison.

"So you have come at last?" The dying woman spoke half triumphantly. She had just caught sight of the Premier, and a curious expression had come on her white face, over which the death hue was slowly stealing.

"Yes, I have come," answered Robert Chevenix, walking up to the bedside. As he said the words a flash of lightning shot through the room, quickly followed by a peal of thunder. The storm had broken in full force.

Margaret raised herself a little and looked the man straight in the face. She said nothing for a few moments, but her eyes were full of reproach, reproach silent and terrible.

The storm urged on its wild career, the lightning leaping in flashes of flame, the thunder crashing and roaring overhead. But neither the man nor the woman took any heed of the storm. A wilder tempest was raging over their troubled souls.

"Margaret," muttered the man humbly, feeling that he must say something, "I am distressed to find you so ill."

A bitter smile played over the white face that had once been as pure as snow as apple-blossoms drenched with dew, and a laugh broke harshly from the woman's livid lips. "Why go on lying, Robert?" she asked slowly, "surely it is time this farce come to an end? If you are really Robert Chevenix you mean what you said the other day, I suppose, the day I tried to drown myself? And if you are an impostor—you have just as much reason to desire my death."

A peal of thunder followed her words, and the electric disturbance seemed to affect Margaret, for her calmness suddenly deserted her. A spasm convulsed her face, and she began to shriek violently, whilst convulsive shudders shook her whole body. "Leave the room," whispered Dr. Seton, coming up to the Premier and laying his hand lightly on his shoulder. "This hysterical attack may last for another hour or so. Then will come a semi-comatose condition, and she will either pass away in her sleep or awake for a few moments to full consciousness—but the end will come to-night, the enfeebled body cannot fight against attacks like these."

As one in a dream the Premier walked out of the room. Beatrix had already slipped away and was now resting. For a good hour the man wandered vaguely about, striving to escape the sound of the wild heartrending screams that rang through the house—the wailing, desperate sobs; but they pursued him from room to room. He heard the echo of the wretched woman's screams when he sought refuge in the large library, and they rang shrill in his ears when he fled to the drawing-room, a room whose bright cheerfulness mocked his gloomy mood.

The thunderstorm went on, dying down awhile to break out with renewed fierceness and vigour; but when it finally abated the Premier wandered out of doors. He found depression and desolation reigning in the garden. The gravel paths ran with

streams of muddy, yellowish-looking water, and the lawns were damp and sodden, the flower beds a mass of battered bloom. The flowers which had held up their heads so gaily at dawn were crushed and stained now against the soil, poor drowned beauties.

It was getting late in the day, the sky was still sullen and overcast. A dull, yellow light played about the horizon line, whilst a belt of angry clouds raced rapidly southwards.

The air was heavy with the smell of rotting vegetation; petals of blown roses fluttered to the ground with every breath of wind. It seemed as if summer had flown down the desolate path that led from the garden to the wilderness, and that the lilies, who loved the sweet season, had flung themselves, limp and broken, under her flying feet.

Robert Chevenix had no need of all this ruined beauty as he strode restlessly up and down the garden. He had other thoughts to bear him company, thoughts grim and terrible. After a while he entered the house and bore Beatrix company at dinner. Neither father nor daughter wanted to eat, but he would to play their parts, for servants are watchful critics.

About ten o'clock the Premier was summoned to Margaret. She was conscious now, the message came, and desired to see him. There was little sound in the pink and white bedroom, which was lit only by one candle, for the dying woman had complained that the light hurt her eyes. The window had been flung wide open, and the dark night sky was spangled with a million stars. A little wind played hide and seek with the tree tops and scurried over the grass, a wistful, fluttering breeze.

The doctors and nurses stood at the foot of the bed, strong fighters of death, but powerless to save Margaret; helpless and beaten they now waited the end.

Robert Chevenix advanced to his wife's side and took her damp hand in his. All Margaret's wild passion had exhausted itself by now. She lay back peacefully against her pillows, only the faint heave of her breast and a slight flutter of breath proclaimed that she was still alive.

"The sands are running out," whispered Dr. Seton to the Premier, "and all will soon be over. Speak to Mrs. Chevenix if you like, for she is conscious. She is floating softly from this world—she is passing very gently."

Robert Chevenix bent over the dying woman. He realised the ghastly wrong he had done her, and his soul was sick for forgiveness.

"Margaret, forgive me," he pleaded, "though I have sinned against you beyond all pardon." He spoke as much for himself as the man he posed to be.

The woman stirred feebly and opened her eyes. "Is it really Robert who is speaking to me?" she asked slowly. "Oh, do not lie to the dying. Are you Robert Chevenix—or are you not?"

"She is delicious again," whispered Dr. Seton to Beatrix, but the girl made no answer; she was watching her father's face, watching it intently.

"I am Robert Chevenix," the Premier answered slowly, and his voice carried conviction with it, for he spoke the lie splendidly.

Margaret's lids dropped over her eyes, and she smiled faintly. "I believe you," she murmured, "yes, I believe you."

"And you forgive me—all—everything?" The Premier whispered the words in the dying woman's ear. He was trembling in every limb.

"Love you," Margaret spoke very tremulously. Then a long knit up again. "Show me the name on your arm," she cried, "and forgive this last shadow of disbelief."

Robert Chevenix turned pale, and gazed hard at the speaker. Her eyes were fixed intently on his. The death rattle was already gurgling in her throat; the word would be over in a few moments.

"Yes," he had better do what she asked, he whispered the nurse, coming forward, "or you will make her dying hard, sir. Let me help you off with your coat."

The Premier shook his head, then slowly and reluctantly took it off himself. He found some difficulty in turning up his shirt-sleeves, for he seemed

to dally with the gold sleeve link. All his movements were marked with intense deliberation and almost intentional slowness.

At once a sharp sigh from Margaret broke the intense silence that had settled on the room. Robert Chevenix glanced hastily at the bed. Then he drew his coat on again. There was no need now to bare his arm, Margaret was dead.

### CHAPTER XXXVII. Feet of Clay.

By the strange irony of fate the death of Margaret Chevenix helped to make her husband still more the idol of his day. The death of the wife of the Premier of England was not likely to pass unnoticed, and the tragedy of the story took hold of the whole of England, gaining Robert Chevenix the sympathy of all his countrymen.

Rich and poor, high and low, all ranks and classes united in commemorating the man bereft of a new-wed wife, and the national sympathy kindled till the Premier found himself the most popular man in the three kingdoms.

Poor Margaret was honoured in death! Great preachers mentioned her decease in their sermons, intellect, or riches adorned the memorial service held in London. A wealth of choice flowers hid the coffin from sight, and a long train of mourners followed it to the graveside, for the great Chevenix House paid every mark of respect to the dead wife of its most distinguished son.

How Robert Chevenix got through those terrible days he never clearly remembered. He had dim and hazy impressions for years after of speeches that had been made, condolences uttered, and the brusque fashion in which he had turned away from all these attempts at consolation. He particularly remembered a scene with Miss Grizel. She had come to him, and with quivering hands, and cheeks, and with outstretched, trembling hands, but all the lean woman's tears had been for the living man, not for the dead woman.

A fearful desire to tell the truth had suddenly overwhelmed the Premier—a grinning devil seemed to whisper in his ear how curiously about the situation was. Miss Grizel weeping her heart out for the woman who would have brought shame and disgrace upon her line, and he, himself, standing up stern and pale, playing the part of the bereaved husband.

He dared not hint the truth to Miss Grizel, not even the shameful fact that he had virtually been blackmailed into marrying Margaret. He feared to say even a word about the woman's unhappy life and death, for Miss Grizel would have gone out trembling with bowed head and shattered pride, and Robert Chevenix have been guilty of yet another crime.

No; at whatever cost to himself, let Miss Grizel keep her belief in him till the end. The girl of twenty may find another god when the idol she has worshipped suddenly discloses its feet of clay, but the woman of sixty, whose illusions are shattered, must resume a desolate for evermore. She had no courage left to go out and seek another god, so she knelt down in the dust and crouches by her broken, ruined idol, a creature of dumb misery, deserted even of hope.

When it was all over, the blinds drawn up again in the big house at Portman-square, and Oakfields restored to their usual quiet, Robert Chevenix felt a man feels who has escaped some great danger almost by a miracle.

Looking back on the events of the past week, he wondered how he could have got through them without a trip. He might so easily, in his state of shaken nerves, have said or done the wrong thing, and so betrayed himself to his work.

Yet no one suspected the real state of affairs or had the least idea of the truth. Of that he felt quite confident, even though a restless thought crept into his mind that Beatrix had been singular in her manner. Yet she could not possibly know anything, so it must be only his fancy. Still, he

kept on remembering that she had looked at him with a curious expression in her eyes on the day of the funeral, and she of all the world had expressed no sorrow and offered no sympathy.

Yet her eyes had brimmed with tears as she stood by the open grave, and the flowers she had placed on Margaret's coffin she had arranged with her own hands. Oh, it was impossible—quite impossible that she should be in the least degree suspicious. Still, it was some time before Robert Chevenix could convince himself by hard reasoning that his fears were groundless, and that Beatrix could have no possible knowledge of the truth.

Like all the men of his mould, Robert Chevenix was too egotistical to allow grief or remorse to conquer him, neither was he one to cry over spilled milk. Margaret was dead—he could neither help nor harm her. He was standing at the self-same door, and he had played a most cruel part, he would have set his will to forget both the woman and the tragedy if it had not pleased fate to set the avenger of blood on his track.

Little did the Premier guess as he lay back in his armchair and smoked a cigar meditatively, that Paul Carew was standing at the self-same moment by his sister's grave—looking at the mound of red earth—stirred to his very depths.

For as Paul Carew stood in the little country churchyard—that quiet and green acre of God's own planting—his heart was sore for the woman sleeping her sleep.

"Was he a hard brute to you?" he asked, half aloud—but the dead asleep in their coffins may hold no converse with the living, however much the living may entreat. "Did he make life so hateful that you were thankful enough to take the leap in the dark?" the man went on musingly. "Ah—poor Margaret—you've paid the full price, poor girl—but the man—oh, the man still escapes and mocks us both, the brother and sister he has shamed and ruined."

As the bitter words broke from the man's lips his eyes were attracted by one of the many wreaths flung in rich profusion on the bare mound. Something in the delicate arrangement of the blossoms pleased his fancy, even though the flowers had suffered from a night's exposure and were beginning to fade. He glanced at the card attached to the wreath, and as he read the name pencilled on it a slow smile curled on his cruel lips, and he laughed hoarsely.

"Stab the man where he'll feel it," Robert Chevenix loves this girl of his, his proud Beatrix Heron, even as I loved my sister in the days of her fresh innocence. He wouldn't like her relationship to the poor convict—to Philip Denzil, of Princetown—made public property. Not he," Paul Carew threw his head back and laughed again, and there was something terrible in such laughter, heard in such a spot.

"But not yet awhile," the man went on, malignantly. "We will hide a wee—deferred vengeance is always sweet. Wait till John Heron has climbed the ladder before I pull him down—a fall now wouldn't hurt so much—but in a year or so. Ah, Beatrix Heron—she shall pay for her father's sin, and her father shall have the pleasure of watching how well she takes her punishment. Then, as for Amy"—and here the man smiled again, his lips twitching cruelly—"my dear, faithless little wife, let her flutter her wings a little longer in the sun, for the night is coming for Amy—the night, the frost, the snow, a pin through the heart of the butterfly—her just desert—no more."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

### Fels-Naptha

dissolves the dirt in the clothes; which is better than painfully rubbing it out.

Better for backache and clothes. But go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C



# LIFE TRAGEDY OF OOM PAUL.

## FROM SIMPLE "DOPPER" TO AUTOCRAT AND EXILE.

It is but a little time since the Boer war put Great Britain to such bitter sorrow and expense, and Mr. Kruger's name was an execration in our mouths. Yet he has almost slipped from our memories during the last four years of his life on the Continent.

Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger was born on Bulhoek Farm, near Colesburg, Cape Colony, on

unsuccessful. When, in 1880, the Liberal Party, under Mr. Gladstone, came into power, Kruger and Joubert made another great effort. They organised the fight for absolute independence, and with Pretorius formed a Committee of Government.

The war ended in Majuba Hill. We gave in practically before we were beaten. Kruger, a consummate general, led his men in person. Peace in 1883 found Kruger the strongest man of the triumvirate, and he emerged as President.



Kruger and his great-grandchildren.

October 10, 1835—a hundred and twelve years after his ancestor, Jacob Kruger, had arrived at Cape Town in the employ of the Dutch East India Company.

While he was still a boy the Great Trek of 1836-1837 came. He went with his family over the Orange River into the sadness of the untried country beyond. As one of the first "Transvaalers" his earliest strong impressions were hatred of the British rule.

He learnt his first lesson in war and its grimness at the battle of Velthop, where a small band of Boers gave battle to 5,000 Matabele and beat them. Within twelve months he had seen the shambles of Blood River, at fourteen he was in the fighting line that finally ousted the natives out of the Transvaal.

He was naturally a mighty hunter. He shot his first lion at eleven. It may be said with some reason that his methods as a general, which impressed themselves upon all Boer leaders, were those of a hunter, resource, cunning, courage, no waste of shooting, and the use of cover.

Of his personal courage, which was undoubted, his own story of how he lost his thumb is an excellent illustration. It was in 1845, when he was twenty years old. He was out hunting rhinoceros. He shot once and missed. He dismounted to get in a second shot. At the moment he pulled the trigger the rifle exploded just where he held it with his left hand.

### A HEROIC REMEDY.

He jumped on his horse and just escaped the furious animal. The rhinoceros fell at a brook. But his hand was in a horrible state, the flesh was hanging in strips. When he reached his wagon he was faint from loss of blood. He stopped the bleeding with turpentine bandages. But the wound was angry—something had to be cut away. Two joints of his thumb were gone. He took his pocketknife and removed the rest, in spite of all his friends could do to prevent him. When he was doing it he deadened the pain, he said, by trying to persuade himself that the thumb belonged to someone else.

In 1872 he left the field for politics, and became a member of President Burger's Executive Council. On April 22, 1877, the Transvaal was formally annexed. The Boers sent a deputation of two, Paul Kruger and Dr. Jorissen, to England to protest. They were unsuccessful. Kruger, indefatigable, prepared a monster petition to Queen Victoria. He took it to London. Again he returned

It was during this period that the discoveries of gold and diamonds came to disturb the shrewd simplicity of the Boer farmers. Kruger, undoubtedly became covetous.

While feathering his own nest he watched with dismay the rush of Uitlanders to the Transvaal,

their growing wealth and importance. Though not unopposed he was twice re-elected President. The feud grew under his rule, till it culminated in the Jameson Raid.

This was in 1896. In the following year came the demand for £600,000 for material damage, and a million and odd shillings for "moral and intellectual damage."

In 1898, by an enormous majority, he was again elected President. By this time he was a staid old man of seventy-three. Still primitive, still the farmer, who when there was not enough milk in the house for a distinguished guest's coffee pointed out of the window to the cows, and sent a servant out to milk them. He believed in himself, and was convinced by success that God's hand was held over the Transvaal to protect it.

### APPEALS TO SCRIPTURE.

Trouble brewed, nevertheless, and brimmed over. The Uitlanders would stand the situation no longer. After long and fruitless negotiations came the ultimatum of October 11, 1899, and the outbreak of the Boer war, with Kruger crying texts from the Bible to bolster his case, and "God is our strength! We shall win!"

This is neither the time nor place to recount the history of a war, which, for a lesson in efficiency, cost us a horrible penalty of lives and treasure. All the world knows the issue.

From the moment of the ultimatum Oom Paul's star began to set. He was a person of secondary importance at once—old and without the elasticity necessary for the fast moving episodes of the war administration.

### NEPOTISM TEMPERED BY EPIGRAMS.

Many stories are told of Paul Kruger's homely wit and keen repartee.

A nephew once pestered him for a Government appointment, which Kruger was for some reason or other unwilling to give.

"My dear boy," he said, "you are not clever enough for a subordinate position, and all the higher offices are filled."

While in England he remained faithful to his love of the women of his own land. He was asked when taken to a music-hall if he had not fallen in love with the ladies of the ballet.

"Not at all," was the reply. "I would rather have the old shoes of the woman I have left behind in Africa than all the women in England on the stage or off."

### WHERE WERE THE ENGLISH?

He had a great regard for the Jews. He once said to a prominent member of the ancient faith at Pretoria, "We Christians are everything to the Jews. Where can you find in the Bible any reference to Englishmen who make such a noise in the world now?"

Except on rare occasions his only reading was the Bible.

The teachings of the Old Testament influenced his whole life. The only other books he was known to have studied were "The Pilgrim's Progress," Motley's "Dutch Republic," and Macaulay's "William of Orange."

It is quite a mistake to suppose Kruger was a teetotaler. In the old-fashioned Dutch way he would fortify himself for interviews with a copious supply of gin and water, which he sipped from time to time.



Kruger directing operations at Majuba Hill.

## Great Home Cure for Obesity.

To cure permanently and completely the distressing and humiliating disease of excessive obesity, without any departure from one's ordinary or rational habits of living, and without any acquaintance being aware that an anti-corpulence treatment is being followed—this indeed is a desideratum which, prior to the discovery of "Antipon," the most wonderful remedy of modern times, was scarcely more than vaguely thought of.

"Antipon" is now established as the one really reliable cure for corpulence, and as such it is gratifying to know that it has met with unqualified success in all countries. It is not only a marvellous fat absorbent, destroying and ejecting from the system all the diseased internal fatty deposits as well as the superfluous surface fat, that "Antipon" merits particular attention, but also as a health-giving and strength-builder. Therein lies its unique potency. Whilst reducing the weight daily until complete cure, commencing with a decrease of from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night of first dose, it has so powerful a tonic effect upon the digestive process that appetite is stimulated, and the increased nourishment taken is thoroughly assimilated, so that the blood is enriched and purified, muscular development is increased, and brain and nerve force are materially improved. Could any of the old-time methods of reducing weight claim such a splendid result? On the contrary, they starved and weakened the system, besides poisoning it in too many cases with mineral drugs. "Antipon" is a treatment in itself, requiring no adventitious aid from restricted diet or from sweating, purging, and other debilitating processes. And it is so harmless that a child could take it. "Antipon" has received the highest praise from medical experts both for its great efficacy as a fat-destroyer and for its absolute harmlessness. It is a pleasant-tasting liquid, of a winelike appearance, and contains nothing of a mineral nature. As soon as the figure has been reduced to the normal, and the facial outlines are once more free from puffiness, the doses may cease, with the assurance that the cure is lasting. Health, strength, and beauty of form will be once more firmly established possessions. "Antipon" is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., and can be had of chemists and stores generally; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending remittance), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

### WARM PRAISE FROM THE PRESS.

#### Illustrated London News.

"Antipon" not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

#### The Lady's Pictorial.

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

#### The Sketch.

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

#### Sheffield Independent.

"Antipon" bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

### MEDICAL APPROVAL OF "ANTIPON."

Great as has been the demand for "Antipon" amongst those afflicted with a too plentiful supply of adipose tissue, there are, no doubt, still many of our readers of a corpulent tendency who should be glad to make the acquaintance of that marvellously efficacious specific for the cure of obesity. It is, moreover, with the liveliest satisfaction that we note the cordial support accorded to "Antipon" by the medical profession. Before giving the discovery to the public the proprietors submitted to a number of doctors the ingredients of the composition with a view to a medical report upon their fat-reducing and other properties, notably their great tonic value. In every case the report was favourable in the highest degree. The process of manufacture, which is an extremely complicated one, involving a protracted period of time, is known only to the "Antipon" Company, who of course holds exclusive rights. Our stout readers of both sexes who have tried in vain the disagreeable and exhausting remedies (so-called) which have survived the condemnation of modern science, should try "Antipon" without delay. Its reductive value is patent from the first trial; for within a day and night of first dose there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb. This is followed by a steadily persistent daily diminution until complete attainment of beautiful proportions. There are no irrational restrictions of any sort. Appetite is increased and must be satisfied; while greatly improved powers of digestion and assimilation ensure richer blood, more solid muscle, and a general improvement in health, strength, and vitality. "Antipon" is a harmless, non-mineral liquid, pleasant to the palate, and is extremely economical in use. It is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., from stock or on order, or should there be any difficulty in obtaining it, may be had (on sending P.O.), post paid, in private package, direct from The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



## LONDON LANDLORDS' ELDORADO.

### Boom in Broad Streets Puts Untold Wealth Into the Coffers of the Great Estates.

The hand of the house-breaker has lain heavy on London during the past ten years. Whole streets of dingy houses have disappeared, and in their place have arisen palatial piles of shops, offices, and flats.

In many cases the entire character of a neighbourhood has been changed. At the chance dictate of fashion trade has deserted once flourishing centres and sprung into activity in wholly unexpected directions.

All these puzzling pilgrimages of society's custom can be unerringly traced by the fluctuations in rental values.

A leading firm of estate agents courteously enlightened a *Mirror* representative on the geographical trend of trade among those who cater for the upper classes.

Years ago the shopping street for the aristocracy was naturally that nearest to the district in which they for the most part resided, namely, Bond-street. For years a Bond-street address was one to juggle with, and frontages on that favoured thoroughfare fetched the highest rental value.

Even now, as representing a district, Bond-street stands without a rival, but from the street itself the glory has departed.

It is narrow, with scanty pavement space, and is always blocked with traffic. The omnibuses lumbering continuously past the doors of high-class shops have driven away the higher rental value. They have found quieter haven in the snug bye-ways of Albemarle-street, Dover-street, and Grafton-street.

#### Piccadilly Boom.

There has been a marked exodus towards the more spacious thoroughfares, where a waiting carriage does not block the traffic and bring police men to the verge of despair. Piccadilly landlords have especially been favoured by a boom in rents.

As for Regent-street, this magnificent example of Nash, the English Haussman, will always remain one of the chief shopping centres of London.

During the past ten years the rents have increased by about twenty per cent. and signs are not lacking that an even further appreciation is not unlikely. It is undoubtedly the wideness of the thoroughfare that enables Regent-street to maintain its position, but the increase of rents in Regent-street is trivial when compared with Piccadilly and some of the streets close to Bond-street.

The *Mirror* representative was shown an instance where a Piccadilly rent had increased from £350

to £1,200 in ten years. Three thousand pounds have recently been paid for a lease in this pleasant street, and Mr. Savory, the well-known tobaccoist, who originally paid £500 for a whole house, was, at the expiration of his lease, asked £1,500 for the ground floor only.

Many rents in Albemarle-street, Dover-street, and Grafton-street have been raised from £300 to £1,200 within ten years. As a comparison it may be mentioned that in Bond-street the most striking instance of an increased rental is from £350 to £450 within the same period.

#### Rising Rents.

Rents have risen everywhere in the West End in sympathy with the accumulated wealth of the country and the increased number of people who take up their residence at the capital of the Empire for at least a few weeks during the year.

But the most remarkable development has been the foundation of new high-class shopping colonies in keen competition with the Bond-street district. Sloane-street is the most notable instance. Here first-class shops have been opened to provide for the wants of the Cadogan residential estate, which has quite recently become one of the most important in London. Here business premises, which only five years ago did not readily let at £550, are keenly competed for at £1,000, an aggregation of value which threatens to make Earl Cadogan the most envied of landlords.

Westbourne-grove is an instance of a huge shopping business springing up in a well-populated neighbourhood. The erection of shops here has increased the value of property in the neighbourhood, but not to any sensational extent. These stores depend mostly on the middle-classes for their support. They sell on a cash basis, and thus differ from the Bond-street shops, which rely mostly on the custom of well-known people who settle their accounts at intervals.

Most of the suburbs have experienced a boom in rental values, usually the result of some vast stores being built in a convenient spot hitherto covered with mean buildings. In many cases, however, the rise in rents has simply been the outcome of a congested population.

This latter in course of time may be expected to right itself, with the increased facilities of London for expansion by tube railways and electric trams.

All over London rents have gone up, but no where so much as in the so-called "West End" shopping district. The general tendency seems to point to even higher rentals being paid for the choicest spots on wide open thoroughfares near the big clubs.

There will, however, always be small outcrops of high-class shops in the centre of the expensive residential districts, which are gradually developing far from the spreading elms of Berkeley-square, near which the whole society of the town once clustered.

Whether he drink water, aerated water, wine, whisky, beer, or stout, nobody seriously cares. That is the reason why lifelong abstainers may now be seen at the bar of a public-house unconcernedly asking for a "small lemon."

"Manufacturers of temperance drinks," said an official at the Carlton, "have the opportunity of a lifetime presented to them by these changed drinking customs. At present hundreds of teetotallers complain of the lack of really pleasant drinks in the non-spirituous wine-list."

#### KING PREFERS MOTORS.

### Reduction in Horses at Windsor Royal Mews.

Owing chiefly to the King's preference for motor-cars, many of the employés at the Royal Mews at Windsor have been discharged, and a number of horses disposed of.

The fact that the Court is so seldom in residence at Windsor has also had something to do with the reduction.

As is well known, the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family are now making most of their journeys in motor-cars.

Except on State occasions both their Majesties prefer automobiles to horse-drawn vehicles.

The King, thoroughly understanding the mechanism of motors. When the royal motor-car broke down the other day on the journey from Windsor to Wellington College, his Majesty directed the chauffeur in the repairs.

In future only a dozen or two horses will be kept at Windsor, and when more are needed they will be sent from London.

Their Majesties will use their motor-cars even still more in future, and it is said that the King and his guests will drive to Windsor Park each day of the shooting season in motor-cars.

It is noteworthy that none of the old hands or livermen at Windsor have been discharged.

#### AUTHORESS SENT TO PRISON.

An authoress named Mary Grainger, who was a contributor to several religious periodicals, was sentenced at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday to six months' imprisonment for theft. Her ruin was attributed to drink. Ellen Conolly, a lady's companion, who had been concerned with her in stealing a blouse, was sent to prison for three months.

## MONEY for PHOTOS

TAKEN WITH A

### "Daily Mirror" Camera,

which is sold at the remarkably low price of 3/9.

### TEN GUINEAS IN PRIZES.

£2 2s. for the BEST SNAPSHOT.

For the BEST TIME PICTURE £2 2s.

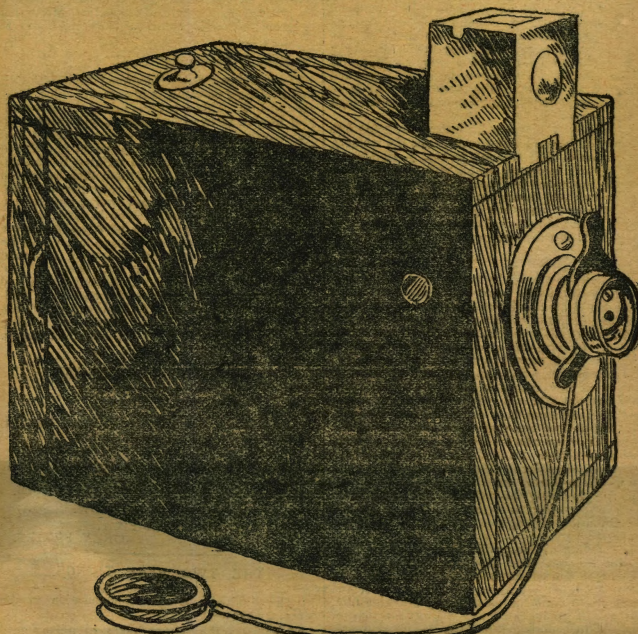
SIX OTHER £1 1s. PRIZES

for the next best Six Photographs of

any subjects selected by Competitors.

This offer of Prizes is only open to purchasers of the "Daily Mirror" Camera, but any reader of the "Daily Mirror" may purchase a Camera, whether he desires to enter for the Competition or not. Closing date Saturday, August 30th.

### The "DAILY MIRROR" CAMERA



### IS A PERFECT CAMERA

Sold at the Absurdly Low Price of

3/9

Makes a Picture 2 1/2-16 by 1 1/2. Will Fit in Your Pocket. Shutter for Time or Snapshot. Simple Method to Change Plates.

Ground Glass View Finder. Metal Body, covered with Grained Leatherette. Single View Lens. Plates Cost 6d. per Box. A Holiday Companion.

### TAKES 6 PLATES OR 12 FILMS.

For the convenience of Beginners who have not the material for Printing and Developing Pictures A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS and the

#### "Daily Mirror" Developing and Printing Outfit,

containing all the necessary apparatus and solutions for taking, developing, and printing Photographs, will be supplied for 2s. 6d. complete.

One Box Six Dry Plates, 2 1/2-16 x 1 1/2.	One Candle-power Light. Two Dishes, Develop and Fix.	One Bottle Developing Solution.
One Packet Printing Paper.	One Printing Frame.	One Bottle Toning Solution.
One Packet of Mounts.	One Folding Draining Rack.	One Packet Fixing Salts.
One Dark-room Lamp.		One Book Instructions.

It must be understood by those entering this Competition that the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Mirror" is final in regard to all questions relating to the Competition.

Cut out this Coupon and post to

CAMERA DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Enclosed find p.o. for.....

for which please send me, post free, the "Daily Mirror" Camera (3s. 11 1/2d., post free), and the Complete Printing and Developing Outfit (3s. 1d., post free). (Cross out Outfit if you do not wish it).

Name.....

Address.....

Residents of the West End may purchase these Cameras and Outfits at the West End Office of the "DAILY MIRROR," 45, New Bond Street, W.

### AGE OF LEMON SQUASH.

### Temperance Drinks No Longer Thought Eccentric at Fashionable Restaurants.

Seated yesterday in Gat's Restaurant, Charing Cross, a *Mirror* representative, having in mind the new drinking habit, counted seven lemon squashes and five ginger-beer bottles, without rising to look for more.

Light and dark lager beers were distinguishable all up and down the long room, making an easy majority over Bass's, Allsopp's, and Worthington's. As far as the eye could see champagne had been left to improve with age in cellar cool.

Clarets of light quality and moderate price and Moselle wines stood a creditable comparison. The prevalence of whiskies-and-soda indicated that the national beverage was not yet supplanted by the tamer wines of the Continent.

The charm of the new drinking habit is its toleration. There is no longer any need to apologise either to the waiter or your friend when ordering a lemon squash in the grill-room of the Savoy or the Carlton. There is still less excuse for blushing.

With head erect and in tones loud enough to suggest a bottle of Pommery, you may call out, "Glass of water, waiter, please." Five years ago a glass of water or a lemon squash to a Savoy lunch would have put your neighbours off their food.

#### Americans Lead the Way.

"This is all the doing of the Americans—those who have substituted a British holiday for St. Louis Exhibition this year—" said a Strand hotel manager. "They were the first to have the courage to call loudly for water or aerated water at all meals."

The new drinking habit allows that there is nothing the matter with water, apart from the facilities it offers for the harboring of microbes. In this connection wine is deemed safer than water, because microbes are teetotallers. That is to say, the spirit slays microbes outright. They cannot survive alcohol.

But the point is that a man may now drink what he likes, according to the canons of the new habit.



# A SENSATION AT NEWMARKET.

Farman Wins the Bury Handicap, But the Judge's Verdict Is Questioned—Defeat of Llangibby.

## THE KING AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

By far the most agreeable weather of the week favoured the concluding stage of the Second July Meeting at Newmarket, the great heat being modified by a sweet breeze.

The King returned to the end of the racing. His Majesty arrived on the course long before sport commenced, and the Prince of Wales drove up before the numbers were hoisted for the Bury Handicap, the opening race, which turned out on some respects the most remarkable affair of the week.

It was remarkable in that the judge's verdict was flatly opposed by the rider and trainer of the second, Mourvill, the favourite, led the greater part of the five furlongs, and to a majority of spectators appeared to have retained his command to the end. Farman, running on a different line wide of the other, challenged Mourvill, and, to the general surprise, was given the verdict by the judge. There was animated betting on Mourvill in the brief interval between the actual finish and the hoisting of the winning number. That is an incident not infrequent at Newmarket. But stranger things succeed.

Griggs, rider of Mourvill, insisted on going into the unsaddling paddock (reserved for the winner), so, of course, did Farman's jockey, J. H. Martin. Gurry, well informed as he was on the whole matter, attempted to appeal to the Stewards, but was at once told that no appeal was possible. The general crowd, however, protested and criticised with a vigour hitherto unknown where a verdict of Judge Robinson is concerned.

### An Ideal Judge.

Let it be set down here that Mr. Robinson is a man regarded with more esteem than any other name could be mentioned. In his long career in the most trying of official positions known on the Turf his verdicts have been received with the utmost respect. In fact, this clear-eyed man of icy temperament has been looked upon as infallible. And he is as inflexible as calm. But the quick-witted experts viewing racing at Newmarket believe in their own eyesight and judgment, and nine out of ten spectators there may be said to be professionally engaged in one department or other of the Turf. They are also in the highest degree amenable to authority. So the hubbub on this occasion was truly sensational. Nevertheless, in a close finish where one is running with upon the judge is absolutely the only man in a position to swear to the verdict as correct, and it is a 1,000 to 1 Mr. Robinson was right in declaring Farman the winner.

The defeat of Mourvill struck a heavy blow against bookmakers. The note thus struck was sustained with bad effect, as following the example of the previous days only one first favourite scored during the afternoon. Rock Sand, Sakkarah filly, and now Torpoint were the only first favourites which scored during the three days. Madden's fine riding was one of the features of the meeting. Torpoint, despite his penalty, was looked upon as a certainty, but I doubt if any other jockey could have got that horse home in front of St. Kitts. Madden also rode a characteristically strong race on Maria, winner of the Reach Plate, in which no fewer than fifteen two-year-olds started. Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest's Grass Cat was a strong order, but why 2 to 1 should be taken about her the book could not explain. She ran well for half a mile, and then gave way. Mrs. Langtry, owner of Maria, afterwards bought that filly in for 350 guineas. We observed that Madden had won the corresponding race last year on Mossel gelding.

### Defeat of Llangibby.

Llangibby, reserved from a previous engagement, was all the rage for the Chesterfield Stakes, odds being laid on this son of Wildfowler, whom some experts reckoned to have almost as big a claim as Cicero to the title of champion two-year-old. But Llangibby began badly when the barrier went up, and Mr. H. J. King's Comedian, making every yard of the running on the hard ground, won easily at the finish from Atlas. The latter has been put about as the best youngster in Richard Marsh's stable—if so, the others are far from first-class.

If the Rothschild colours failed on St. Kitts in the Summer Handicap there was some reason found in the Lanwades Plate, which fell to All Hot, in which the strongly-fancied Wildfowl and Assicut cut up badly, the best fight against the winner being made by Guilty. All Hot does not leave Watson's stable, as the colt was bought at the subsequent auction for 510 guineas by Mr. J. T. Wood. A similarly easy win was secured by Antonio, in the Midsummer Stakes. It was time for Antonio to score, as he had previously been only "placed" five times in six races. Lord Falmouth's handsome mare Fiancee has not yet done anything this season comparable to her form in a two-year-old.

Before racing started the attention of Turfites was given to the sales of bloodstock. Mr. Leonard Brassey's horses in training attracted most visitors to the park paddocks. Alderman was sold to Mr. Charles Hibbert for 800 guineas, but Wild Otis was let out at 3,100 guineas, the reserve being, it

was said, 4,000 guineas. Saltpetre, who finished second to Rock Sand for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, went to Mr. George Faber for 1,500 guineas; and Wednesday's winner, Galapas, who should make a nice four-year-old, found a new owner in Mr. Henning for 1,500 guineas.

Mr. George Blackwell, the Lagrange House trainer, secured Merrymann for 400 guineas, but Tom Thun and Joyous were not sold. Red Mantle went to Mr. F. W. Day for 150 guineas; Palisander filly to Mr. F. Hughes for 210 guineas; Bagatelle to Mr. J. Lewis for 500 guineas; and Bonar to Mr. G. Faber for 300 guineas. The draft of the property of the King were all sold, but at prices not small.

It is reported that Mr. George Faber bought Saltpetre in order to run him in the Goodwood Cup, as Capa White having broken a pastern will, of course, not go to the post, and Mr. Faber is anxious to see his colours carried in the big event at Goodwood.

### Goodwood Stewards' Cup.

The weights for the Goodwood Stewards' Cup just published do credit to Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser and Lee. This event was one of the best-attended betting races of last season, and there is no reason why the present handicap should not lead to equally successful speculation. Top weight is assigned to Mr. J. B. Joel's champion sprinter, Sundridge, who is given 9st. 11lb., 1lb. more than he carried unsuccessfully last year in the corresponding race. Dumbarton Castle, who won twelve months ago with 7st. 2lb., is now called upon to carry 8st. 1lb., while Nabot is weighted at 8st. 1lb., 1lb. more than he carried into second place last year. Le Blizon, who was beaten by two lengths for second place last season, carrying 7st. 12lb., is now awarded 8st. 3lb. The smart Delaunay, who missed an important engagement at Newmarket on Wednesday, with a view to the Goodwood event, was well looked after by his jockeys, being called upon to beat 8st. 6lb., 7lb. more than Sanson.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

### SANDOWN PARK.

- 2.0—Milburn Selling Plate—MORRIS DANCER.
- 2.30—Surbiton Handicap—MIMICRY.
- 3.10—Eclipse Stakes—HENRY THE FIRST.
- 3.40—Great Kingston T.Y.O.—PETIT BLEU.
- 4.10—Ditton Selling Plate—ABELARD.
- 4.40—Victoria Welter Handicap—PURE GOLD.

### SPECIAL SELECTION.

HENRY THE FIRST. GREY FRIARS.

## THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire," in his communication to the Mirror, says:—

"I fancy that the Eclipse Stakes will prove a good thing for the winner of the Newmarket Stakes. My selection are as follows:—

- 3.10—Eclipse Stakes—HENRY THE FIRST.
- 3.40—Great Kingston T.Y.O.—PETIT BLEU."

### RACING RETURNS.

### NEWMARKET—THURSDAY.

1.0—BURY HANDICAP of 200 sovs. added to a Sweepstake of 5 sovs each for starters. Chesterfield Course. Five furlongs. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 699th, 700th, 701st, 702nd, 703rd, 704th, 705th, 706th, 707th, 708th, 709th, 710th, 711st, 712th, 713th, 714th, 715th, 716th, 717th, 718th, 719th, 720th, 721st, 722nd, 723rd, 724th, 725th, 726th, 727th, 728th, 729th, 730th, 731st, 732nd, 733rd, 734th, 735th, 736th, 737th, 738th, 739th, 740th, 741st, 742nd, 743rd, 744th, 745th, 746th, 747th, 748th, 749th, 750th, 751st, 752nd, 753rd, 754th, 755th, 756th, 757th, 758th, 759th, 760th, 761st, 762nd, 763rd, 764th, 765th, 766th, 767th, 768th, 769th, 770th, 771st, 772nd, 773rd, 774th, 775th, 776th, 777th, 778th, 779th, 780th, 781st, 782nd, 783rd, 784th, 785th, 786th, 787th, 788th, 789th, 790th, 791st, 792nd, 793rd, 794th, 795th, 796th, 797th, 798th, 799th, 800th, 801st, 802nd, 803rd, 804th, 805th, 806th, 807th, 808th, 809th, 810th, 811st, 812th, 813th, 814th, 815th, 816th, 817th, 818th, 819th, 820th, 821st, 822nd, 823rd, 824th, 825th, 826th, 827th, 828th, 829th, 830th, 831st, 832nd, 833rd, 834th, 835th, 836th, 837th, 838th, 839th, 840th, 841st, 842nd, 843rd, 844th, 845th, 846th, 847th, 848th, 849th, 850th, 851st, 852nd, 853rd, 854th, 855th, 856th, 857th, 858th, 859th, 860th, 861st, 862nd, 863rd, 864th, 865th, 866th, 867th, 868th, 869th, 870th, 871st, 872nd, 873rd, 874th, 875th, 876th, 877th, 878th, 879th, 880th, 881st, 882nd, 883rd, 884th, 885th, 886th, 887th, 888th, 889th, 890th, 891st, 892nd, 893rd, 894th, 895th, 896th, 897th, 898th, 899th, 900th, 901st, 902nd, 903rd, 904th, 905th, 906th, 907th, 908th, 909th, 910th, 911st, 912th, 913th, 914th, 915th, 916th, 917th, 918th, 919th, 920th, 921st, 922nd, 923rd, 924th, 925th, 926th, 927th, 928th, 929th, 930th, 931st, 932nd, 933rd, 934th, 935th, 936th, 937th, 938th, 939th, 940th, 941st, 942nd, 943rd, 944th, 945th, 946th, 947th, 948th, 949th, 950th, 951st, 952nd, 953rd, 954th, 955th, 956th, 957th, 958th, 959th, 960th, 961st, 962nd, 963rd, 964th, 965th, 966th, 967th, 968th, 969th, 970th, 971st, 972nd, 973rd, 974th, 975th, 976th, 977th, 978th, 979th, 980th, 981st, 982nd, 983rd, 984th, 985th, 986th, 987th, 988th, 989th, 990th, 991st, 992nd, 993rd, 994th, 995th, 996th, 997th, 998th, 999th, 1000th, 1001st, 1002nd, 1003rd, 1004th, 1005th, 1006th, 1007th, 1008th, 1009th, 1010th, 1011st, 1012th, 1013th, 1014th, 1015th, 1016th, 1017th, 1018th, 1019th, 1020th, 1021st, 1022nd, 1023rd, 1024th, 1025th, 1026th, 1027th, 1028th, 1029th, 1030th, 1031st, 1032nd, 1033rd, 1034th, 1035th, 1036th, 1037th, 1038th, 1039th, 1040th, 1041st, 1042nd, 1043rd, 1044th, 1045th, 1046th, 1047th, 1048th, 1049th, 1050th, 1051st, 1052nd, 1053rd, 1054th, 1055th, 1056th, 1057th, 1058th, 1059th, 1060th, 1061st, 1062nd, 1063rd, 1064th, 1065th, 1066th, 1067th, 1068th, 1069th, 1070th, 1071st, 1072nd, 1073rd, 1074th, 1075th, 1076th, 1077th, 1078th, 1079th, 1080th, 1081st, 1082nd, 1083rd, 1084th, 1085th, 1086th, 1087th, 1088th, 1089th, 1090th, 1091st, 1092nd, 1093rd, 1094th, 1095th, 1096th, 1097th, 1098th, 1099th, 1100th, 1101st, 1102nd, 1103rd, 1104th, 1105th, 1106th, 1107th, 1108th, 1109th, 1110th, 1111st, 1112th, 1113th, 1114th, 1115th, 1116th, 1117th, 1118th, 1119th, 1120th, 1121st, 1122nd, 1123rd, 1124th, 1125th, 1126th, 1127th, 1128th, 1129th, 1130th, 1131st, 1132nd, 1133rd, 1134th, 1135th, 1136th, 1137th, 1138th, 1139th, 1140th, 1141st, 1142nd, 1143rd, 1144th, 1145th, 1146th, 1147th, 1148th, 1149th, 1150th, 1151st, 1152nd, 1153rd, 1154th, 1155th, 1156th, 1157th, 1158th, 1159th, 1160th, 1161st, 1162nd, 1163rd, 1164th, 1165th, 1166th, 1167th, 1168th, 1169th, 1170th, 1171st, 1172nd, 1173rd, 1174th, 1175th, 1176th, 1177th, 1178th, 1179th, 1180th, 1181st, 1182nd, 1183rd, 1184th, 1185th, 1186th, 1187th, 1188th, 1189th, 1190th, 1191st, 1192nd, 1193rd, 1194th, 1195th, 1196th, 1197th, 1198th, 1199th, 1200th, 1201st, 1202nd, 1203rd, 1204th, 1205th, 1206th, 1207th, 1208th, 1209th, 1210th, 1211st, 1212nd, 1213th, 1214th, 1215th, 1216th, 1217th, 1218th, 1219th, 1220th, 1221st, 1222nd, 1223rd, 1224th, 1225th, 1226th, 1227th, 1228th, 1229th, 1230th, 1231st, 1232nd, 1233rd, 1234th, 1235th, 1236th, 1237th, 1238th, 1239th, 1240th, 1241st, 1242nd, 1243rd, 1244th, 1245th, 1246th, 1247th, 1248th, 1249th, 1250th, 1251st, 1252nd, 1253rd, 1254th, 1255th, 1256th, 1257th, 1258th, 1259th, 1260th, 1261st, 1262nd, 1263rd, 1264th, 1265th, 1266th, 1267th, 1268th, 1269th, 1270th, 1271st, 1272nd, 1273rd, 1274th, 1275th, 1276th, 1277th, 1278th, 1279th, 1280th, 1281st, 1282nd, 1283rd, 1284th, 1285th, 1286th, 1287th, 1288th, 1289th, 1290th, 1291st, 1292nd, 1293rd, 1294th, 1295th, 1296th, 1297th, 1298th, 1299th, 1300th, 1301st, 1302nd, 1303rd, 1304th, 1305th, 1306th, 1307th, 1308th, 1309th, 1310th, 1311st, 1312nd, 1313th, 1314th, 1315th, 1316th, 1317th, 1318th, 1319th, 1320th, 1321st, 1322nd, 1323rd, 1324th, 1325th, 1326th, 1327th, 1328th, 1329th, 1330th, 1331st, 1332nd, 1333rd, 1334th, 1335th, 1336th, 1337th, 1338th, 1339th, 1340th, 1341st, 1342nd, 1343rd, 1344th, 1345th, 1346th, 1347th, 1348th, 1349th, 1350th, 1351st, 1352nd, 1353rd, 1354th, 1355th, 1356th, 1357th, 1358th, 1359th, 1360th, 1361st, 1362nd, 1363rd, 1364th, 1365th, 1366th, 1367th, 1368th, 1369th, 1370th, 1371st, 1372nd, 1373rd, 1374th, 1375th, 1376th, 1377th, 1378th, 1379th, 1380th, 1381st, 1382nd, 1383rd, 1384th, 1385th, 1386th, 1387th, 1388th, 1389th, 1390th, 1391st, 1392nd, 1393rd, 1394th, 1395th, 1396th, 1397th, 1398th, 1399th, 1400th, 1401st, 1402nd, 1403rd, 1404th, 1405th, 1406th, 1407th, 1408th, 1409th, 1410th, 1411st, 1412nd, 1413th, 1414th, 1415th, 1416th, 1417th, 1418th, 1419th, 1420th, 1421st, 1422nd, 1423rd, 1424th, 1425th, 1426th, 1427th, 1428th, 1429th, 1430th, 1431st, 1432nd, 1433rd, 1434th, 1435th, 1436th, 1437th, 1438th, 1439th, 1440th, 1441st, 1442nd, 1443rd, 1444th, 1445th, 1446th, 1447th, 1448th, 1449th, 1450th, 1451st, 1452nd, 1453rd, 1454th, 1455th, 1456th,







